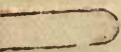


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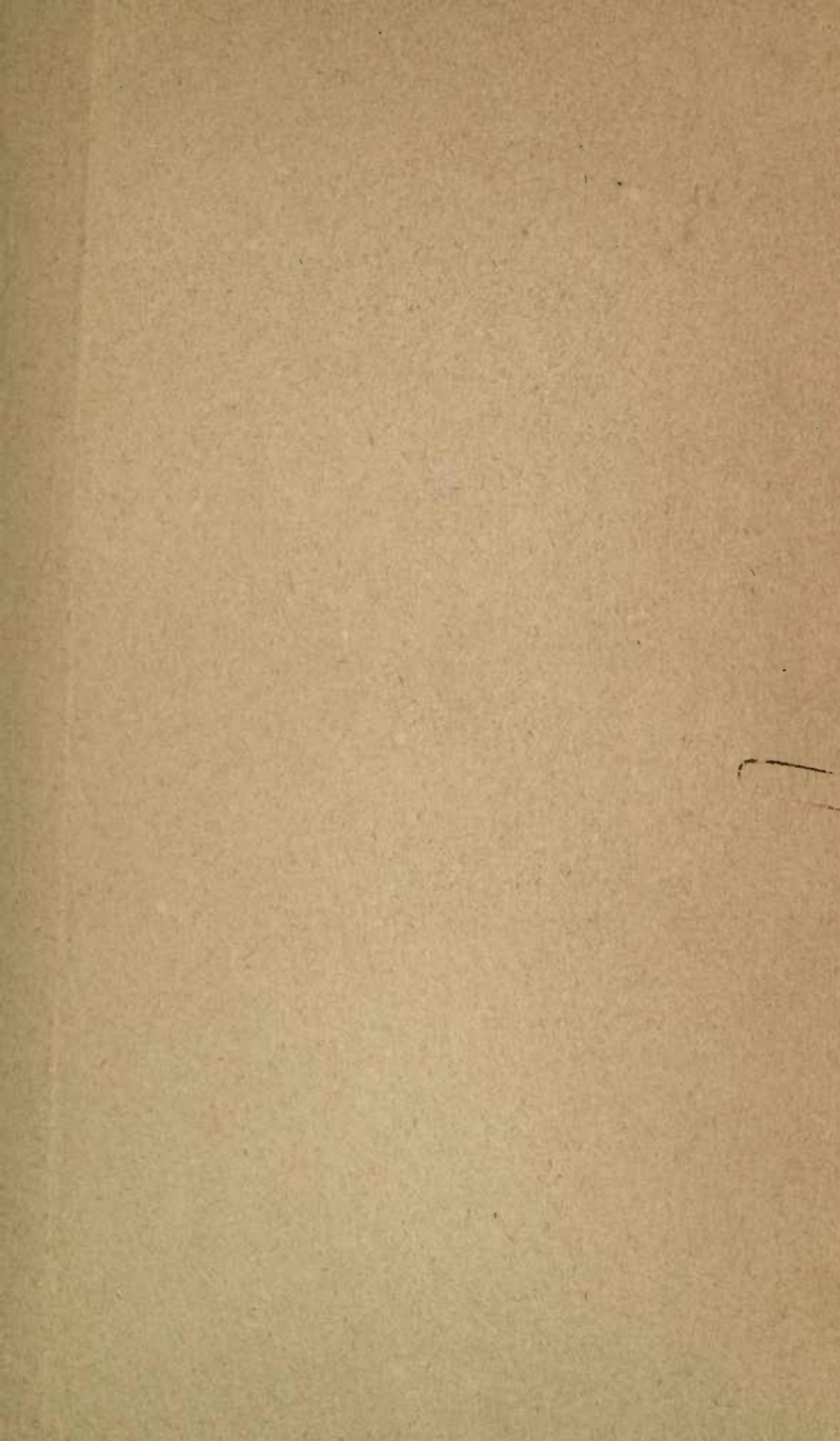
# HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

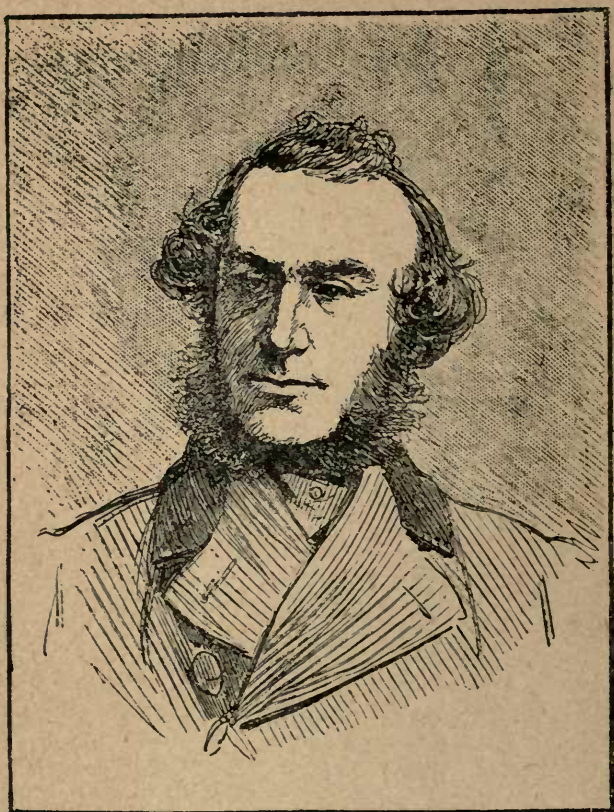
BY

JOHN LEECH

==







Yours Faithfully  
John Leech.



# FOUR HUNDRED HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

JOHN LEECH

*With Portrait and Biographical Sketch*

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SECOND EDITION

LONDON  
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO  
GLASGOW: THOMAS D. MORISON





# BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

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JOHN LEECH was born in London, on the 29th August, 1817. His father, John Leech, was an Irishman, a man of fine culture, and a good Shakespearean scholar. He was the landlord of the London Coffee House on Ludgate Hill, one of the most important of the city hotels at that time. For a while the father was successful in his vocation, but ultimately, through financial embarrassment, was obliged to give up the hotel.

The father was a man of real ability, possessing considerable skill with the pencil, and from him, no doubt, the son inherited his special talent. And, again, on the mother's side there was relationship with the great scholar Richard Bentley, so that on both sides of the house young Leech had considerable advantages so far as mental heredity was concerned.

At a very early age the mother observed the extraordinary aptitude for drawing that her boy possessed, and did all in her power to encourage it. When young Leech was only three years old, he was found by the family friend, the great artist, Flaxman, seated on his mother's knee, drawing with much gravity. The sculptor pronounced his sketch to be remarkable, and gave the following advice:—"Do not let him be cramped with lessons in drawing, but let his genius follow its own bent. He will astonish the world." A few years after this, some more of the youthful artist's drawings were shown to the celebrated sculptor, and, after examination, he said—"The boy must be an artist; he will be nothing else or less."

At seven, the boy was sent to Charterhouse. This early departure from home was, of course, a sore trial to the fond mother, who was bound up in her child, but, knowing that it was for her son's future welfare, she threw no obstacles in the way of his departure from home. She was, however, resolved that somehow she would see her child frequently. With this object she hired a room in one of the houses commanding a view of the playground, and there frequently she sat behind a blind, happy in getting an occasional glimpse of her boy—sometimes at play, and sometimes strolling about in the grounds with his school mates. During his stay of nine years at Charterhouse, the boy did not distinguish himself in classical studies. Indeed, all that can be said, is that he acquired a thoroughly sound English education. He was, however, liked by everyone at school for his good temper and winning ways. Among his fellow pupils was the famous William Makepeace Thackeray, with whom he formed a warm friendship that lasted throughout life.

At sixteen years of age, young Leech left Charterhouse,

and, notwithstanding Flaxman's advice that the boy should follow the profession of an artist, his father put him to the medical profession at St. Bartholomew's, under Mr Stanley, the surgeon of the Hospital. After a time he was placed under Mr Whittle, an eccentric practitioner at Hoxton, and subsequently under Dr John Cockle, afterwards physician to the Royal Free Hospital. Throughout his various situations, young Leech became famous among his fellow students and friends for his extremely clever—and, at the same time, always good-natured—caricatures. He was for ever drawing scenes, characters, and incidents in daily life. About this time, young Leech's liking for horses probably received its first development, through his friendship with Mr Charles Adams. Mr Adams was the owner of two horses which it was his delight to drive tandem fashion, and in his excursions Leech was his constant companion. To this circumstance we are, no doubt, partially indebted for many of the clever bits of driving and country-road life depicted by the pencil of the artist. At this early period of his career, Leech made numerous life friendships with men who afterwards became distinguished. Notable among these men were Albert Smith and Percival Leigh.

At eighteen years of age, Leech published his first work, entitled "*Etchings and Sketchings by A. Pen, Esq.*" It was a small work of four quarto sheets. As he got more and more engrossed in artistic work, the young student seems to have gradually given up his medical studies, and to have resolved to live by his pencil. In course of time he turned his attention to lithography, and, having drawn pictures upon lithographic stones, he has been known to spend many a weary day in carrying such heavy stones from publisher to publisher in search of a buyer. But as his fame increased, the difficulty of getting remunerative employment rapidly diminished. A good deal of Leech's early work, among other things, was in connection with *Bell's Life in London*, the best-known sporting paper of the time. Here he was associated with Cruikshank, Madons, "Phiz," and Seymour. It was when at work for *Bell's Life* that he first imbibed a taste for field sports, which developed into a strong feature in his pictorial career. He joined the hounds in Herefordshire, where Millais became his fellow pupil in acquiring the arts of the chase. Among the schemes of drollery that our artist participated in about this time was the *Comic Latin Grammar*, Leigh contributing the text, and Leech the illustrations. This was followed by the *Comic English Grammar*, and likewise by the *Children of the Mobility*, a parody on a well-known work

devoted to the serious glorification of our juvenile aristocracy.

But in August of 1841 Leech began the great work of his life—a work, indeed, which he never quitted but with life—namely, his connection with *Punch*. The first number of *Punch* was issued on the 17th July, 1841, and Leech's first contribution to it appeared on the 7th August, in the fourth number. For about twenty years, it may be said, he was its leading spirit, and, by his contributions to its pages, got in all about £40,000. Political caricatures he produced by the score, and held up to ridicule many of the absurd customs of the pretentious and exclusive sections of Society. Like Thackeray and Dickens, Leech detested snobbery in all walks of life, and depicted it unsparingly in a way that it never had been dealt with before. Week after week there flowed from his pencil an endless stream of scenes of high life and low life, of indoor life and street life, now of England, and then of foreign lands, and of all times, seasons, and occasions, as also numerous scenes of deer-stalking and fishing, and of horses and hounds, in all cases depicting whatever he undertook with extraordinary accuracy combined with infinite humour. Also, when social or national wrong called for grave censure, Leech knew how to administer it, not only without giving unnecessary offence, but in the way best calculated to bring about reform and redress. In all circumstances he was essentially a humorist, and he found his most genial vocation in depicting life and character in the social circles he frequented. As a keen observer of the everyday life around him, he delighted to depict the corporation magnate, the artist, the medical student, the spendthrift, the policeman, the cab driver, the coster, the carman, and hundreds of other such phases of everyday life and character, seeing humour and drollery where others failed to observe anything but the commonest aspects of everyday monotony. Of course it should not be forgotten that, if Leech did great things for *Punch*, his connection with that journal gave him great opportunities, and brought him into the very forefront of British artists. He was considered the most successful humorist of the day, and his pencil was in constant request. In the course of years he became the illustrator of about eighty volumes. When it is realised that the sketches in *Punch* and the illustrations in these eighty volumes combined amount to some thousands in number, the mind is much impressed with the great amount of industry and application that Leech displayed throughout life. Even a tour to the Highlands, or to Ireland, or an outing to any portion of the country, was at all times turned to practical account for work later on.



This incessant brain-work produced an extreme nervous sensitiveness. In this state he was much affected by noise and was literally driven from his house in Brunswick Square by street music. He removed to Kensington, where he hoped to obtain a release from this annoyance by adopting a device of double windows. But he had no peace. He often introduced in the pages of *Punch* the barrel-organ nuisance. The public, however, at that time had no idea what these sketches from real life cost the artist. In 1864, Leech was ordered to take a holiday on the Continent. Upon his return to his London home in the autumn of the same year, although better in health, he was still strangely susceptible to noise. He spoke with more than his usual earnestness about the sufferings which the street organs gave him, and about the smallness of the sympathy which he received from people who had no weakness in the same direction. This extraordinary sensitiveness to noise was only a secondary phase or symptom of the real ailment. The real malady from which he suffered was breast-pang, or spasms of the heart, a form of angina pectoris. Although it was necessary to warn Leech against all excitement, riding, quick walking, or overwork, it was not supposed that he was in immediate danger, and, if he could only find rest and quiet, great hopes were entertained of his recovery. However, the sad end came when quite unexpected. In the morning of the 29th of October, 1864, he spoke hopefully of the future to his wife. In a few hours afterwards he whispered into the same living ear—"I am going," and fell into his father's arms in a faint. Three hours afterwards he expired. The news of his death went over the country with a dismal shock; for in what house was John Leech not an inmate in one form or another?

Leech was tall, with an elegant figure, over six feet in height, graceful and gentlemanly in manner, with a fine head and a handsome face. In action he was nimble, vigorous, and yet gentle, capable of the heartiest mirth, and yet generally quiet. He was singularly modest, both as a man and an artist. The perpetual going to nature kept him humble as well as made him rich. His consideration, too, for others was apparent at all times, and the gentleness of his nature was remarkable. When it is considered that all these beautiful traits of character were accompanied by such extraordinary talent and wisdom, one is profoundly impressed with the greatness of the man. No wonder so many mourned when such a great, gentle, and graceful spirit passed away. It was a national loss, and as such was realised throughout the homes of the United Kingdom.

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FOUR HUNDRED  
HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATIONS







ALARMING SYMPTOMS AFTER EATING BOILED BEEF  
AND GOOSEBERRY PIE.

*Little Boy*—"Oh Lor, Mar. I feel just exactly as if my jacket was buttoned."



GREAT WANT OF VENERATION.

*Little Boy*—"I say, Lobster, shall I go and fetch you a cab?"





SOMETHING LIKE A HOLIDAY.

*Pastry Cook*—"What have you had, sir?"

*Boy*—"I've had two jellies, seven of them, and seven of them, and six of those, and four bath buns, a sausage roll, ten almond cakes—and a bottle of ginger beer."



## INNOCENT AND AMUSING TRICKS FOR BOYS.

An old lady is crossing the street, when a little boy shouts out—"Hi!" at the top of his voice. The old lady starts and is greatly agitated, and imagines she is run over by an omnibus.



## ANOTHER.

A little boy rushes past an old gentleman and "yowls" like a dog. The old gentleman is terrified beyond measure, thinking a mad dog is going for him.





A LONDON GENT ABROAD.

*London Gent.*—"Garcong, tas de corfee."

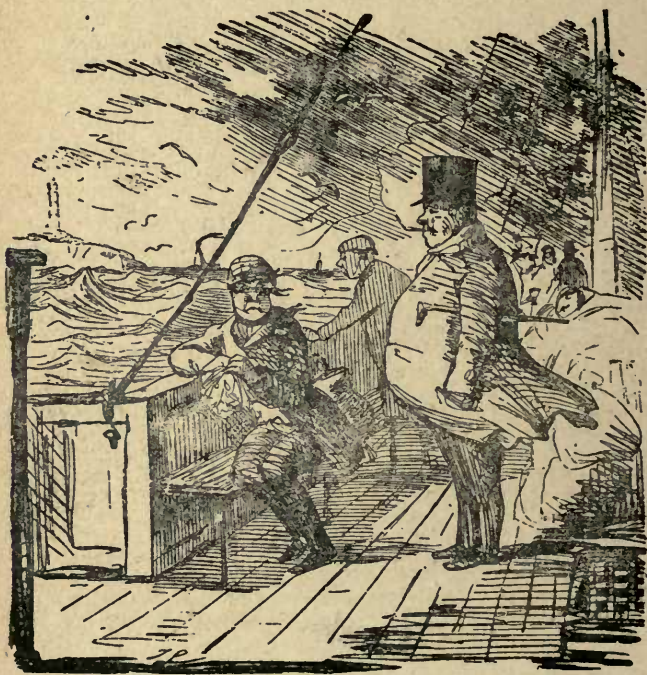
*Garcong*—"Bien, M'sieur—would you like to see zee *Times*?"

*London Gent*—"Hang the feller! Lor I wonder how he found out I was an Englishman!"



## UNFEELING OBSERVATION.

*Vulgar Little Boy*—"Oh, look here, Bill! Here's a poor boy bin and had the hinfluenza, and now he has broken out all over buttons and red stripes."



SAILING *VERSUS* RAILWAYS.

*Smith*—"Well, Brown, this is better than being stewed up in a railway Eh?"

*Brown* (faintly)—"Oh, im-meas-urably su-perior."





INNOCENCE.

*Little Boy*—"Oh, sir! No, sir! Please, sir, it aint me, sir!  
It's the other boys, sir!"



NEVER SATISFIED.

*Old Gent.*—"Good gracious me! What with orangepeel and slides, life is not safe."



# LIVING IN HOPE.

*Medical Student*—"Well, old fellow, so you've past at last?"

*Consulting Surgeon*—"Yes; but I don't get much practice, somehow—although I am nearly always at home in case any one should call."





### JEALOUSY.

*Betrothed*—(who does not dance the polka)—“I should like to punch his head—a conceited beast!”



A PUZZLING ORDER.

“I’ll trouble you to measure me for a new pair of boots.”



### HOW TO GET RID OF A GRATIS PATIENT.

"So you have taken all your stuff and don't feel better. Eh? Well, then, we must alter the treatment. You must get your head shaved; and if you call here to-morrow at eleven, my pupil here will put a seton in your neck."





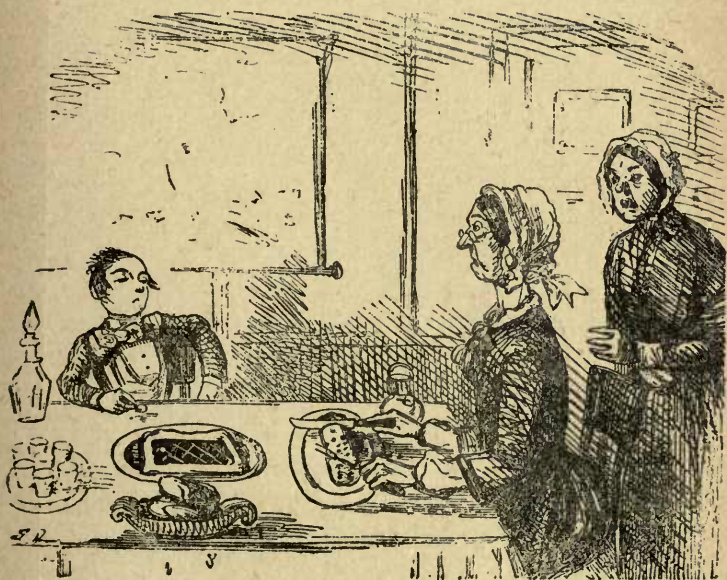
## HOOKING AND EYEING.

*Angelina* (the wife of his bussum)—“Well, Edwin, if you can’t make the things, as you call them, meet, you need not swear so. It’s really quite dreadful!”



IN FOR IT.

“Hallo, sir! Are you aware that you are trespassing there?”



### BLESS THE BOY!

*Old Lady*—"Now, Arthur, what will you have—some of this nice pudding or some jam tart?"

*Juvenile*—"No pastry, thank ye, aunt. It spoils one's wine so. I don't mind a devilled biscuit, tho', by and by, with my claret."





PITY THE SORROWS OF THE POOR POLICE.

"Lor', Soosan! how's a feller to eat meat such weather as this? Now, a bit of pickled salmon and cowcumber, or a lobster salad, might do."



SPECULATORS.

"This aint such a wery bad idea, is it, Jim? Here's the stockbroker offers me 100 shares for five bob advance, and wants the name of my bank."



### PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

“ Oh! if you plaze, zur, doant you want zome fine active young men for the Fourth Light Dragoons ? ”





### EARLY BEGINNINGS.

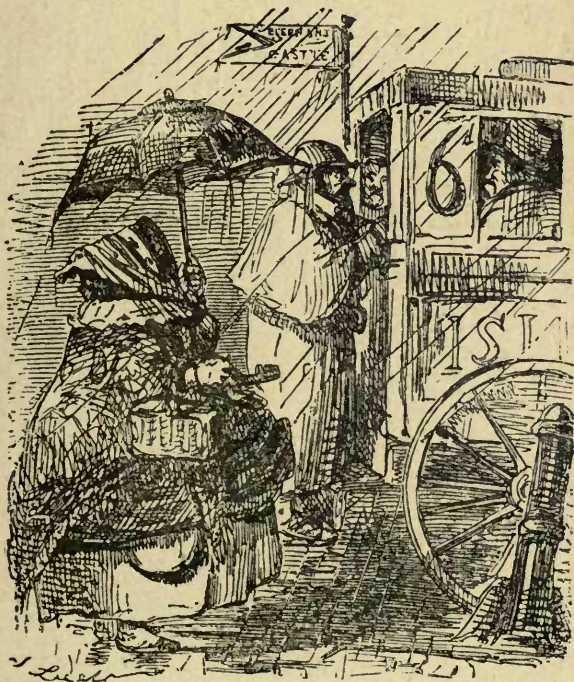
*Old Gentleman*—"I want some shaving soap, my good lad."

*Boy*—"Yes, sir; here's an harticle I can recommend, for I always use it myself."



MAY DIFFERENCE OF OPINION NEVER ALTER  
FRIENDSHIP.

*Dumpy Young Lady*—"Well, for my part, Matilda, I like  
long waists and short flounces."



## THE TEST OF GALLANTRY.

*Conductor*—"Will any gent be so good as for to take this young lady in his lap?"

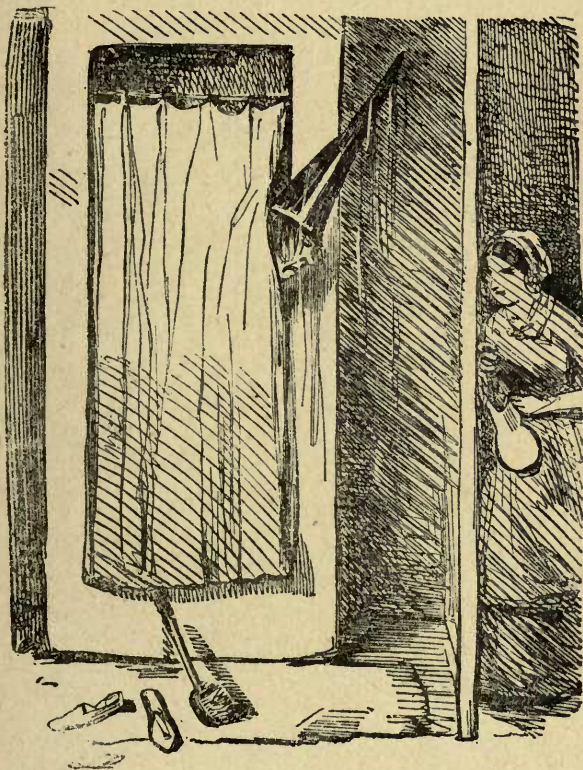




INTERESTING SCENE DURING THE CANVAS FOR  
MR.——, NOT A HUNDRED MILES FROM——.

*Wife of Free and Independent*—"Oh! ain't he a haffable gentleman, Tummas?"

*Free and Independent*—"Ah! just ain't 'im. I shouldn't wonder if I warn't able to pay my rent to-morrer!"



MAL-APROPOS.

*Gentleman (in Shower Bath)*—"Hollo! Hollo! Who's there? What the douce do you want?"

*Maid*—"If you please, sir, here's the butcher, and missus says, what will you have for dinner to-day?"



A LITTLE BIT OF HUMBUG.

*Shoemaker*—"I think, mum, we had better make a pair. You see, mum, your's is such a remarkable long and narrer foot!"





### ALARMING.

The old lady is supposed (after a great effort) to have made up her mind to travel, just for once, by one of those new-fangled railways, and the first thing she beholds on arriving at the station is the above most alarming placard.



## AN IMPUDENT MINX.

*Lady of the house*—"Hoity, toity, indeed! Go and put up these curls directly, if you please. How dare you imitate me in that manner? Impertinence!



VERY ACUTE.

*Mr*———“ So your name is Charley, is it now? Charley doesn't know who I am?”

*Sharp Little Boy*—“ Oh, yes, but I do, though,”

*Mr*———“ Well, who am I?”

*Sharp Little Boy*—“ Why, you're the gentleman who kissed sister Sophy in the library the other night, when you thought no one was there.”





## MEN OF BUSINESS.

MONEY.—Wanted, from £300 to £400, to bring forward an article that must in a few years realise a handsome fortune to the proprietors. To any young man who is not of business habits, with the above sum at command, this is an opportunity for investment seldom met with. References exchanged. No professed money-lender need apply.



### DELICACY OF THE SEASON.

*Testy Old Uncle* (unable to control his passion)—“Really, sir, this is quite intolerable! You must intend to insult me. For the last fourteen days, wherever I have dined, I have had nothing but saddle of mutton and boiled turkey, boiled turkey and saddle of mutton. I’ll endure it no longer.”

[*Exit* old gent, who alters his will.]

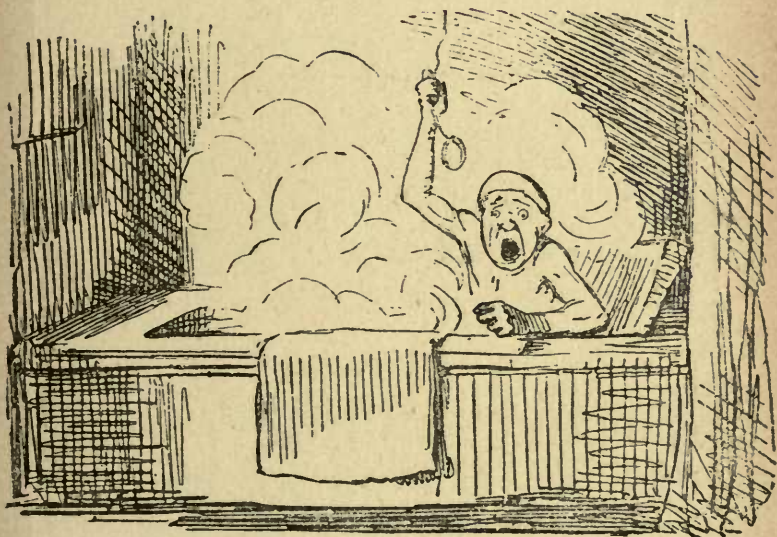


## UNLUCKY.

"Vat's the matter, ch?"

"Oh, there's always a somethink. Vy, I've been and left my hopera-glass in a cab now."





NOTHING LIKE WARM BATHING.

"Hollo! Hi! Here! Somebody! I've turned on the hot water, and I can't turn it off again!"



THE RULING PASSION.

“Now, tell me, dear, is there anything new in the fashions?”



DIFFERENT PEOPLE HAVE DIFFERENT OPINIONS.

*Housebreaker*—"Wot a shame for people to go leaving coal-scuttles about for people to go stumbling over."





### THE ALDERMAN'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

*Mr Gobble*—"You see, Sam, you are a verry young man, and when I am took away, you will have a great deal of property. Now I have only one piece of advice to give you. It's this—lay dawn plenty of port in your youth, that you may have a good bottle of wine in your old age."



AN OMNIBUS INCIDENT.

*Man* (thrusting his hand into the window)—“Will you buy a knife with 100 blades?”



VERY PROPER DIET FOR WARM WEATHER.

*Mrs Turtledove*—"Dearest Alfred, will you decide now what we shall have for dinner?"

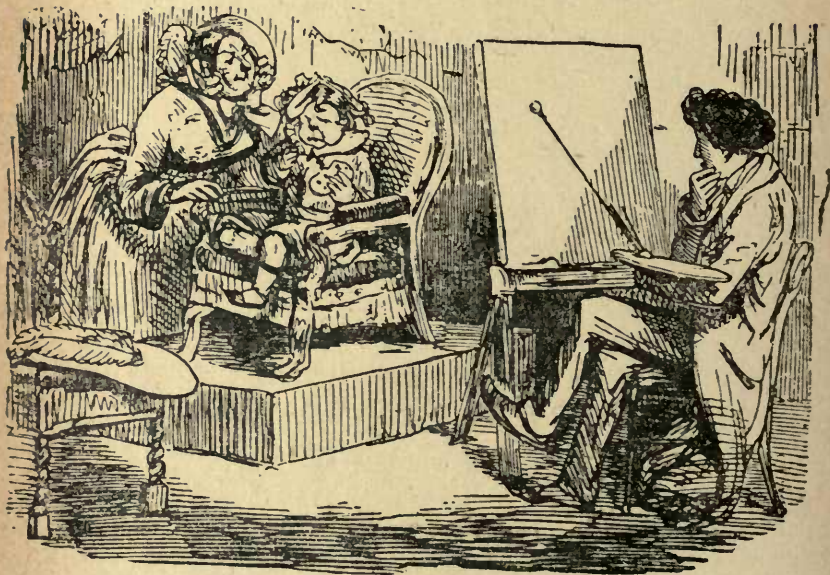
*Mr Turtledove*—"Let me see, Poppet. We had a wafer yesterday; suppose we have a roast butterfly to-day."





MR. VERDANT'S ATTEMPT AT BOOKMAKING.

*Verdant's Friend*—"Well, as near as I can make out, you must lose £150, and may lose £300!"



EASILY SATISFIED.

*Fond Parent*—"I don't care, Mr Medium, about its being highly finished ; but I should like the dear child's expression preserved.



THE CHATALAINE—A REALLY USEFUL PRESENT.

*Laura*—"Oh, look, ma, dear ; see what a love of a chatelaine Edward has given me "

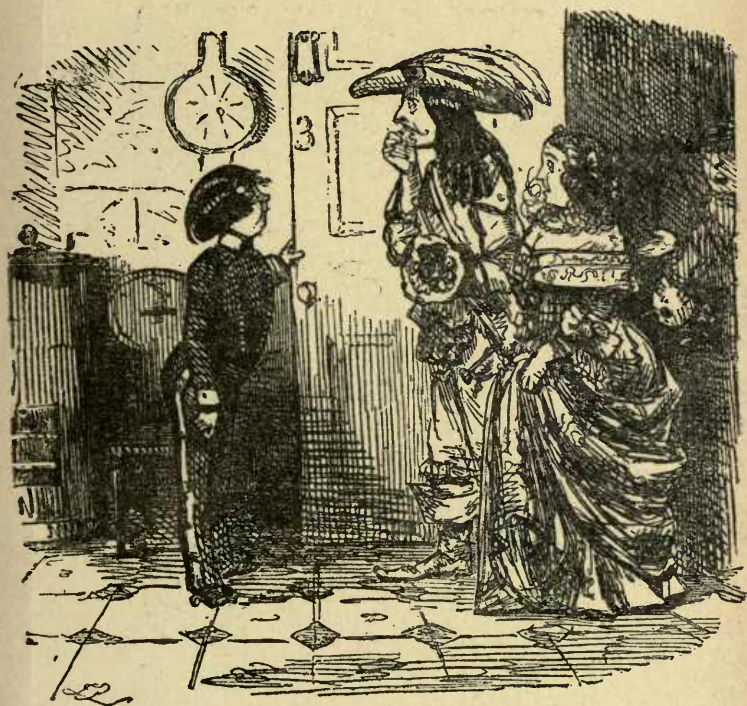




DOMESTIC BLISS.

*Mistress*—"Well I'm sure! And, pray, who is this?"

*Cook*—"Oh, if you please'm, it's only my cousin, who has just called to show me how to boil a potato."



RATHER DISAPPOINTING.

*Page*—"Fancy dress ball, sir! Yes, sir; was last Thursday sir."



DOMESTIC BLISS. TIME 3.30. THERMOMETER 30 DEG.

*William*—"What a violent ringing there is at the street-door bell!"

*Maria*—"Oh, I know what it is, dear. It's the sweeps, and I dare say the maids don't hear. Just run up and knock at their room door."





### A DUMB WAITER.

*Old Gentleman*—"What the deuce is the reason, sir, you don't answer when you are called?"

[The reason is obvious. The poor child has his mouth full of green peas and jam tart.]



MURDER WILL OUT.

*Mrs Smith*—"Is Mrs Brown in?"

*Jane*—"No, mem, she's not at home."

*Little Girl*—"Oh, what a horrid story, Jane! ma's in the kitchen helping cook!"



DIFFERENT PEOPLE HAVE DIFFERENT OPINIONS.

*Flunkey*—"Apollo? Hah! I dessay it's very cheap, but it aint my idea of a good figger!"





### ADVICE GRATIS.

*Ellen*—"Oh, don't tease me to-day, Charley; I'm not at all well!"

*Charley* (a man of the world)—"I tell you what it is, cousin; the fact is, you are in love. Now, you take the advice of a fellow who has seen a good deal of that sort of thing, and don't give way to it."



GRANDMAMMA IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE GIVEN MASTER TOM SOME PLUMS.

*Master Tom*—"Now, then, granny, I've eaten the plums, and, if you don't give me sixpence, I'll swallow the stones!"



### THE RISING GENERATION.

*Tom*—"Ah, Bill, I'm quite tired of the dissipation of the gay and fashionable world. I think I shall marry and settle."

*Bill*—"Well, I'm sick of a bachelor's life myself, but I don't like the idea of throwing myself away in a hurry."





## SOUR GRAPES.

*Elderly Spinster*—"So you're going to be married dear, are you? Well, for my part, I think nine hundred and ninety-nine marriages out of a thousand turn out miserably; but of course everyone is the best judge of her own feelings."

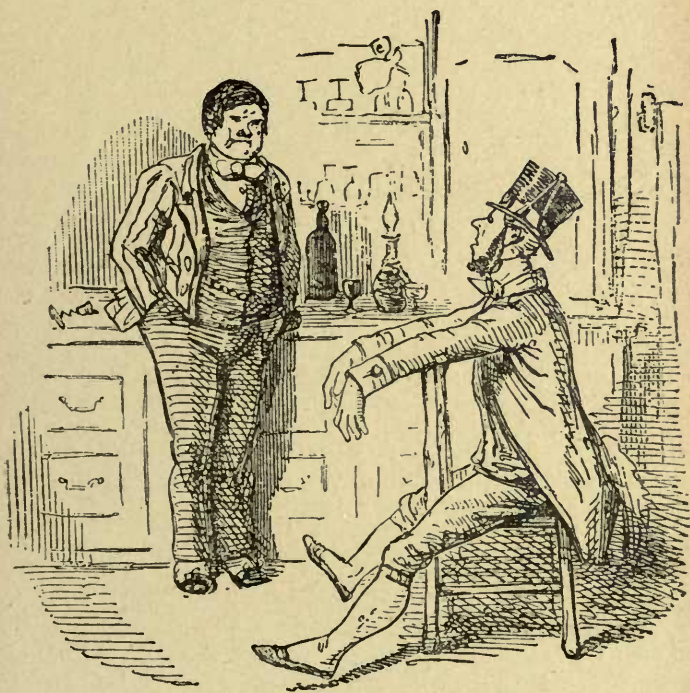


DOG DAYS.

*Old Lady*—"John Thomas!"

*John Thomas*—"Yes, my lady!"

*Old Lady*—"Carry Emeraldalda; she's getting tired, poor darling."



### HALL ALONG OF THE BETTING OFFICES.

*Betting Flunkey*—"Lost? I believe yer! And lost a hatful of money on the hoaks, too; and how I'm to settle without parting with my jewellery I don't know. Ah, Mr Bottles, it's hard lines to wait at table with such cares and hanxieties!"

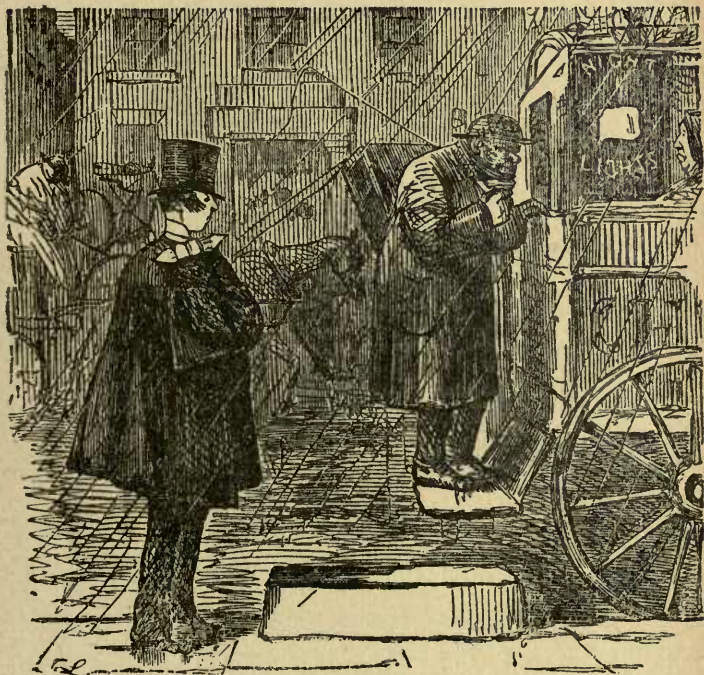




A ROMANCE OF ROAST DUCKS.

“ My darling, will you take a little of the—a—the stuffing ? ”

“ I will, dear, if you do ; but, if you don't, I won't.”



DELICATE.

*'Bus Conductor*—"Would any lady be so kind as to ride outside to oblige a gentleman?"



### A GREAT LOSS.

*Rapid Undergraduate*—Well, Jackson! You see they've plucked me again."

*Porter of St. Boniface*—"Ye'es sir, I was very sorry when I 'eard of it, sir."

*Undergraduate*—"Ah! I did intend going into the Church and being an ornament to the profession; but, as they won't let me through, I think I shall cut the whole concern."





### RATHER A BAD LOOK-OUT.

*Young Sister*—"I should so like to go to a party, ma."

*Mamma*—"My dear, don't be ridiculous. As I have told you before (I am sure a hundred and fifty times), until Flora is married, it is utterly impossible for you to go out, so do not allude to the subject again, I beg."



### CURIOUS EFFECT OF RELAXING AIR.

[*N.B.*—Mr So-and-So hopes by a strict attention to business to merit a continuance of those favours, etc., etc.]

*Traveller* (much excited)—“Bless my heart! there’s the bell ringing on the pier. Holloa! why, where’s the carpet bag I left in the passage?”

*Hotel Proprietor* (faintly)—“Oh, how should I know? Don’t ask me; I’m only the landlord. You had better try if you can’t wake one of the waiters.”



OH! THE CURTAINS.

*Objectionable Child*—"Lor, pa! Are you going to smoke? My eye! Won't you catch it when ma comes home, for making the curtains smell."





### A LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT.

*Bootmaker* (with great feeling)—“ Oh no, sir ! Don't have Napoleons ; have tops, sir ! Yours is a beautiful leg for a top boot, sir ! ” [Young Nimrod is immensely pleased]. “ Beautiful leg, sir ! Same size all the way down, sir ! ” [Young Nimrod is immensely disgusted].



TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

*Uncle*—"So, you have been at the Crystal Palace, have you, Gus?"

*Gus*—"Yes, uncle."

*Uncle*—"Well, now, I'll give you sixpence if you tell me what you admired most in that temple of industry."

*Gus*—"Veal and 'am pies and the ginger beer. Give us the sixpence."



THE OPERA.

*Boy-Keeper*—"Stalls 216 and 17. This way, ma'am. Last row, ma'am."





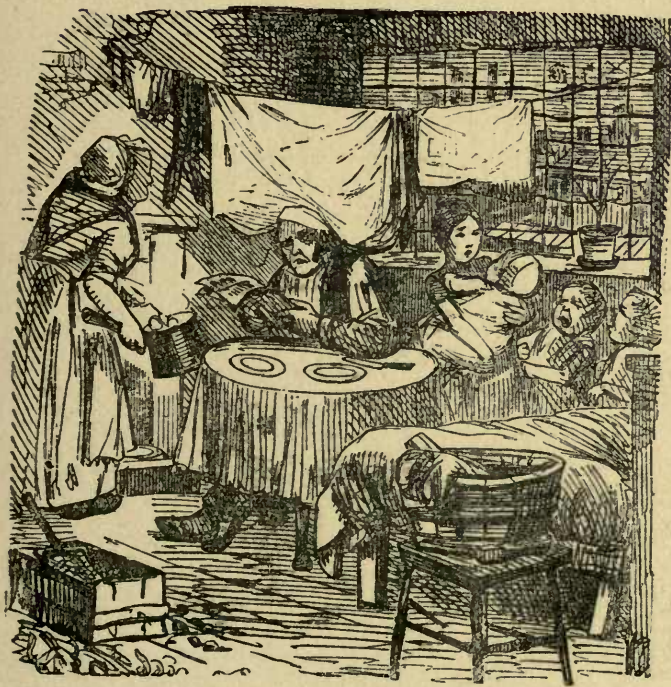
FISHING OFF A WATERING PLACE.

Perhaps (?) the jolliest thing in the world.



## THE CONSERVATORY.

*Genteel Sunday Observer*—"What the people can want with a crystal palace or a picture gallery on Sundays I can't think! Surely they ought to be content with their church and their home afterwards."



THE GARRET.

The other side of the subject.





### LATE HOURS.

As the servants are gone to bed, the master of the house endeavours to get a little bit of supper for himself. Is surprised at the amount of live stock on the premises.



NO PLACE LIKE HOME, WHEN THE FAMILY ARE AT  
A WATERING PLACE.

*Old Party (who is taking care of the house)*—"Oh, yes sir. You will find the room nice and clean—and I am sure the bed is haired—for I have been an' slep in it, my own self every night."





A BRITISH RUFFIAN.

*Lady*—"If you are not satisfied with what I have given you, there's a gentleman here who will settle with you."

*Cabman*—"No, there ain't! There ain't no gentleman here!"

*Lady*—"I tell you there is. There is a gentleman in this house."

*Cabman*—"Oh, no, there ain't, not if he belongs to you!"





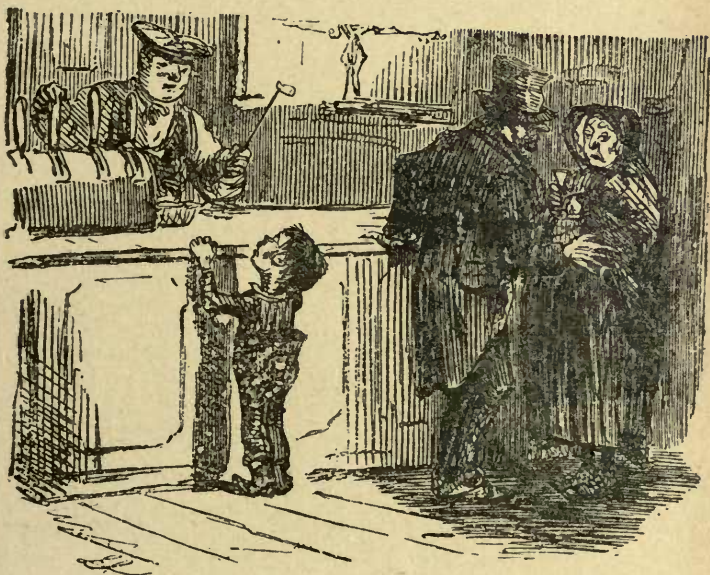
VERY CONSIDERATE.

*Affable Little Gentleman*—"Dear, oh dear! How it rains! I'm afraid you'll get very wet—can I offer you a great coat or anything?"



# FILLING UP THE CENSUS PAPER.

*Wife of his bosom*—"Upon my word, Mr Peewitt! Is this the way you fill up your Census? So you call yourself the Head of the Family'—do you—and me a female!"



# REWARD OF MERIT.

*Ragged Urchin*—"Please, give dad a short pipe."

*Barman*—"Can't do it. Don't know him."

*Ragged Urchin*—"Why, he gets drunk here every Saturday night."

*Barman*—"Oh! Does he, my little dear? Then 'ere's a nice long 'un, with a bit of wax at the end."





## DOING A LITTLE BILL.

"You see, old boy, it's the merest form in the world. You have only to—what they call—accept it, and I'll find the money when it comes due."

*Victim*—"Come along—give us the pen."



## ALARMING.

*Hairdresser*—"They say, sir, the cholera's in the hair, sir!"

*Gent., very uneasy*—"Indeed! Ahem! Then I hope you are particular about the brushes you use."

*Hairdresser*—"Oh! I see you don't hunderstand me, sir. I don't mean the 'air of the 'ed, but the hair hof the hatmosphere!"



## DOMESTIC BLISS.

*Domestic (soliloquising)*—"Well! I'm sure missus had better give this new bonnet to me, instead of sticking such a young-looking thing upon her old shoulders."

*(The impudent minx has immediate warning.)*





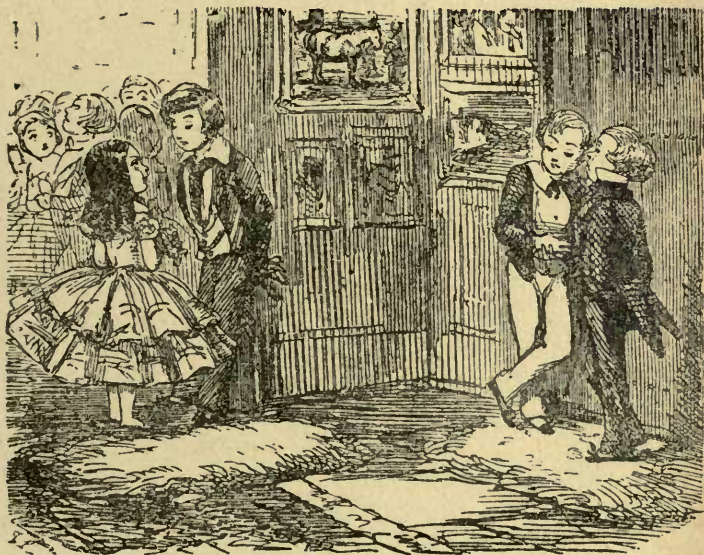
RETURNING FROM THE SEA-SIDE.—A LITTLE  
COMMISSION.

"If you please, sir,—Mrs General Slowcoach's compliments, and she says if you're going by the train this morning, she would feel partickler obliged by your taking charge of this little cask of sea-water as far as her 'ouse."



## A JOLLY DOG.

"Look here, James! Old missus is gone out of town, and I've got her beast of a dog wot's fed upon chickings to take care of.—Won't I teach him to swim, neether."



A BON-BON FROM A JUVENILE PARTY.

*First Juvenile*—"That's a pretty girl talking to young Algernon Binks!"

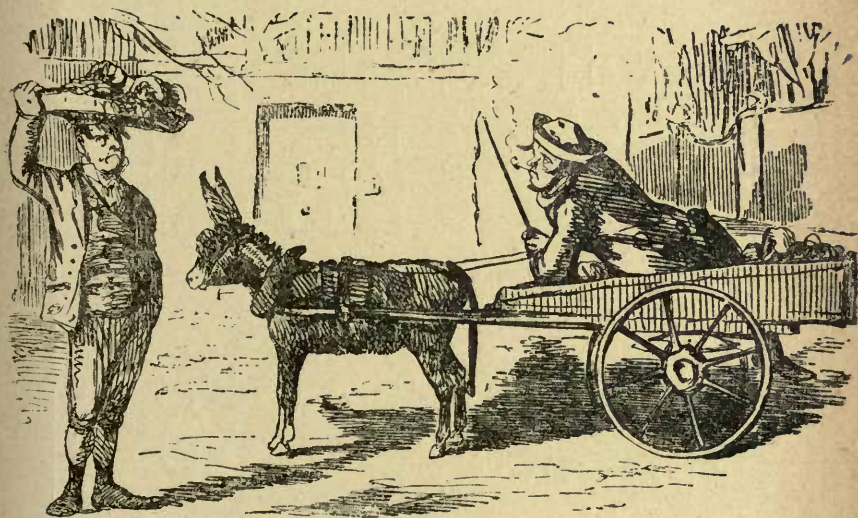
*Second Juvenile*—"Hm—Tol-lol! You should have seen her some seasons ago."





### THROWING STONES THROUGH ICE.

A delightful recreation for youth, which combines healthful exercise with the luxury of window-breaking, without danger or expense.



TRUE RESPECTABILITY.

*First Costermonger*—"I wonder a respectable cove like you, Bill, carries your own collyflowers! Why don't yer keep a carridge like mine?"

*Second Costermonger*—"Why don't I keep a carridge! Why because I don't choose to waste my hincum in mere show and fashionable display!"

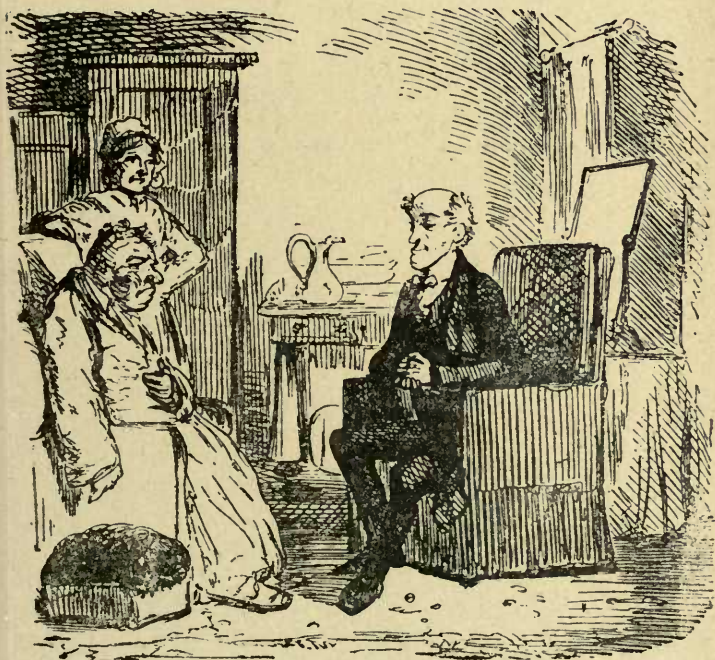


A YOUNG GENTLEMAN AND SCHOLAR.

*Fond Mother*—"Why, he doesn't write very well yet, but he gets on nicely with his spelling. Come, Alexander, what does D-O-G spell!"

*Infant Prodigy (with extraordinary quickness).* "Cat!"





PERFECT SINCERITY; OR THINKING ALOUD.

*Medical Man*—"Stupid old fool! Why, there's nothing the matter with him, except what arises from his over-eating and drinking himself—only I can't afford to tell him so."



PERFECT SINCERITY; OR THINKING ALOUD.

*Mamma*—"You are a disagreeable old bachelor, and generally hate children, I know—but isn't dear little Wormwood a fine, noble little fellow?"

*Old Gent.*—"Well, if you want my candid opinion, I may as well tell you at once—that I think him the most detestable little beast I ever saw—and if you imagine I am going to leave him anything because you have named him after me, you are entirely mistaken."



PERFECT SINCERITY; OR THINKING ALOUD.

"Are you going?"

"Why, ye-es. The fact is, that your party is so slow, and I am weally so infernally bored, that I shall go somewhere, and smoke a quiet cigar."

"Well, good night, as you are by no means handsome, a great puppy, and not in the least amusing, I think it's the best thing you can do."





NO DOUBT.

"Now, I dare say Bill, that air beast of a dog is a good deal more petted, than you or I shall ever be"



VERY LOW PEOPLE.

*Purveyor of Poultry*—"What sort of people are they at number twelve, Jack?"

*Purveyor of Meat*—"Oh! a rubbishin' lot. Leg o' mutton a' Mondays, and 'ash an' cold meat the rest o' the week."



### A WEIGHTY MATTER.

*Cavalry Officer (who rides about five stone)*—"I'm dooced glad we are in the heavies, ain't you Charlie? It would be a horrid bore to be sent out to the Cape like those poor light Bobs."





A CHEAP DAY'S HUNTING.

No. I.

First get your seasoned "screw."



A CHEAP DAY'S HUNTING.

No. II.

About four miles "down the road" get properly splashed at a public house.



A CHEAP DAY'S HUNTING.

No. III.

And return home smoking a cheroot, to the admiration of  
the populace





THE GENTLE CRAFT.

*Contemplative Man in Punt*—"I don't so much care about the sport, it's the delicious repose I enjoy so"



# APROPOS OF BLOOMERISM.

*No. 1 (who is looking at the print of the bloomer costume)*  
 —“Well now, upon my word, I don’t see anything ridiculous in it. I shall certainly adopt it.”

*No. 2—*“For my part, I so thoroughly despise conventionality, that I have ordered all my things to be made in that very rational style!”





ONE OF THE DELIGHTFUL RESULTS OF BLOOMERISM.  
THE LADIES WILL POP THE QUESTION.

*Superior Creature*—"Say! Oh, say, Dearest! Will you be mine?"

*Dearest*—"Ask Mamma.





BLOOMERISM IN A BALL-ROOM.

*Bloomer*—"May I have the pleasure of dancing the next polka with you?"



BARRACK LIFE.

*First Heavy Swell (lately absent)*—"Well, Gus my boy—how did you keep it up here on Christmas day?"

*Second Do.*—"Oh it was terribly slow—for all the world like a Sunday without 'Bell's Life'!"



BON-BON FROM A JUVENILE PARTY.

*Doctor*—"Ahem! Well! And what's the matter with my young friend Adolphus?"

*Fond Mother*—"Why, he's not at all the thing, Doctor. He was at a Juvenile party last night, where there was a twelfth cake; and it pains me to say, that besides eating a great deal too much of the cake, he was imprudent enough to eat a harlequin and a man on horse-back, and, I am sorry to add, a Cupid and a birdcage from the top of it!"

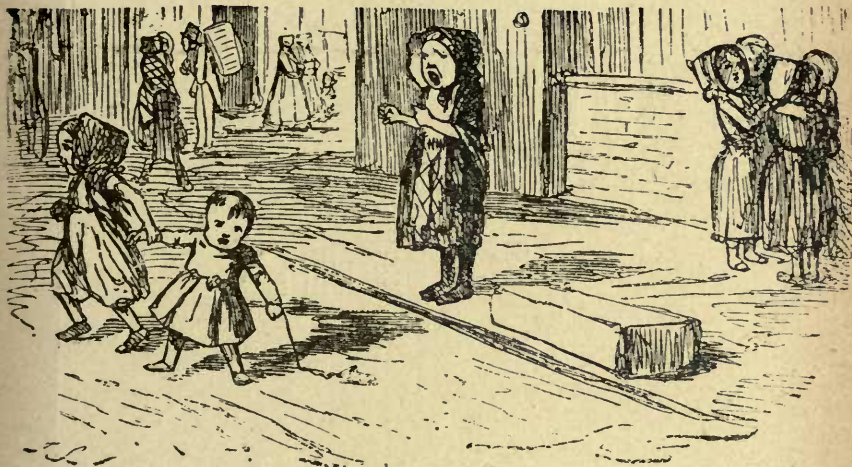




## DOMESTIC BLISS.

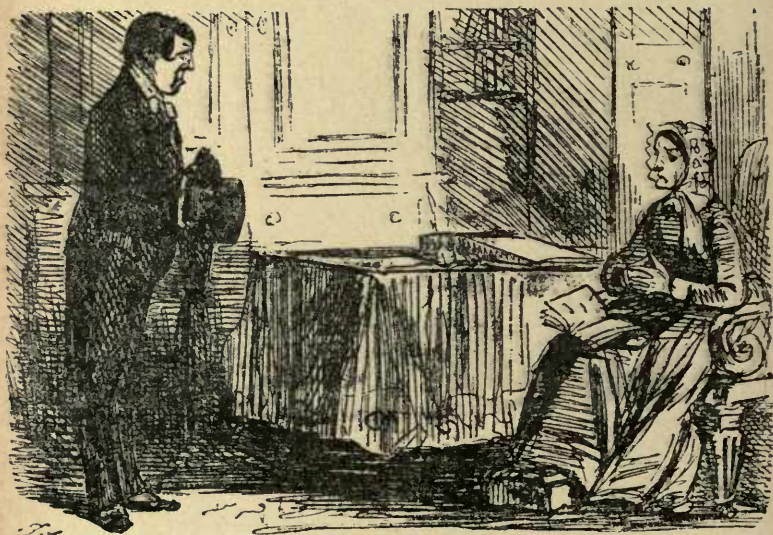
*Head of the Family*—"For what we are going to receive make us truly thankful.—Hem! cold mutton again."

*Wife of his bussum*—"And a very good dinner too, Alexander. Somebody must be economical. People can't expect to have Richmond and Greenwich dinners out of the little house-keeping money I have."



SOLICITUDE.

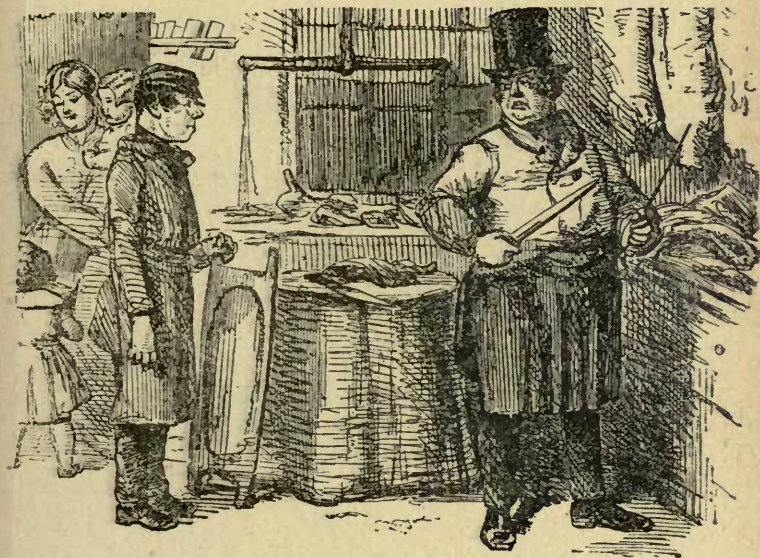
*Child (screams on without any stops)*—"Hanner Maria yer tiresome Haggerwatin' little ussy come out of the road do with yer little brother did yer want to be runned over by Omnibustes and killed dead oh dear oh dear who'd be a nuss?"



FLUNKEIANA.

*Serious Flunkey*—"I should require, madam, Forty Pounds a year, two suits of clothes, two 'ats, meat and hale three times a day, and piety hindispensable."





A HORRIBLE BUSINESS.

*Master Butcher*—"Did you take old Major Dumbledore's ribs to No. 12?"

*Boy*—"Yes, sir."

*Master Butcher*—"Then cut Miss Wiggles's shoulder and neck, and hang Mr Foodle's legs till they're quite tender!"



PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

*Little Hairdresser (mildly)*—"Yer 'air's very thin on the top, sir."

*Gentleman (of ungovernable temper)*—"My hair thin on the top, sir? And what if it is! Confound you, you puppy, do you think I came here to be insulted and told of my personal defects? I'll thin your top!!"



## FLUNKEIANA.

*(Enter THOMAS, who gives warning.)*

*Gentleman*—"Oh, certainly; you can go of course; but, as you have been with me for nine years, I should like to know the reason."

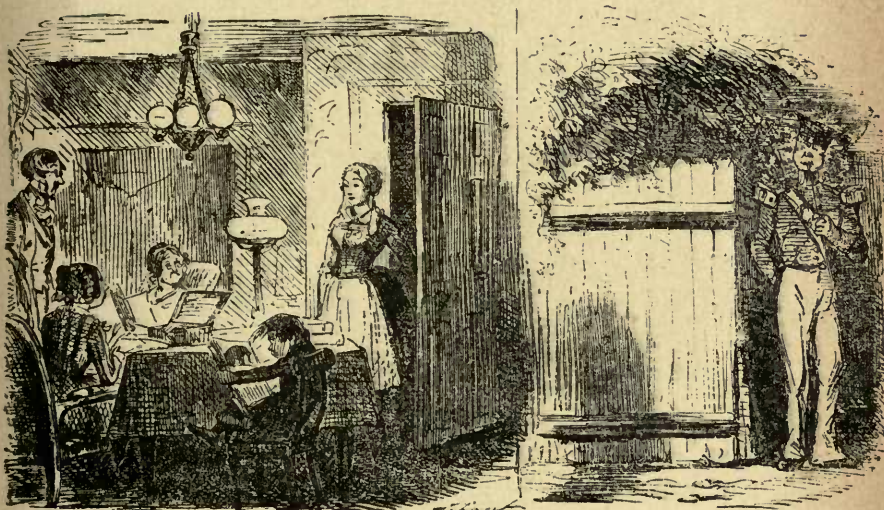
*Thomas*—"Why, sir, its my feelins. You used always to read prayers, sir, yourself—and since Miss Wilkins has been here, she bin a'reading of 'em. Now I can't bemean myself by sayin' 'Amen' to a Guv'nness."





FLUNKEIANA.

*Flunkey*—"How dare you bring me a steel fork, sir!"



DOMESTIC BLISS.

*Servant Maid*—"If you please, mem, could I go out for half-an-hour to buy a bit of ribbin, mem?"



### SPLENDID DAY WITH THE "QUEEN'S."

*First Sporting Snob*—"Well, Bill, what sort of a day have yer had?"

*Second ditto.*—"Oh, magnificent, my boy! I see the 'ounds several times; and none of yer nasty 'edges an' ditches, either; but a prime turnpike road all the way."





DOMESTIC BLISS.

*Wife of your Bussum*—"Oh, I don't want to interrupt you, dear. I only want some money for baby's socks—and to know whether you will have the mutton cold or hashed."



# DOMESTIC BLISS.

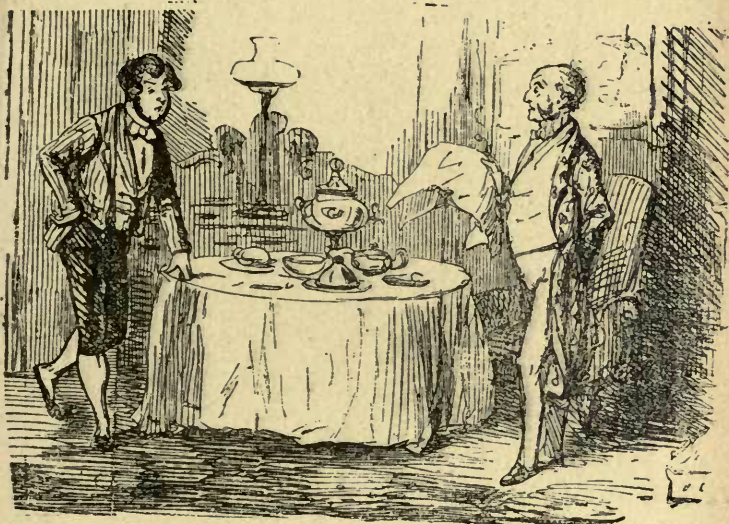
*Scene*—THE KITCHEN.

*Cook*—"Who was that at the door, Mary?"

*Mary*—"Oh! Such a nice-spoken gentleman with moustachers. He's a'writin a letter in the drawing room. He says he's a old schoolfeller of master just come from Ingia."

*Scene*—THE HALL.

The nice-spoken gentleman is seen departing with what greatcoats and other trifles he may have laid his hands upon.



### FLUNKEIANA.

*Flunkey*—"I beg your pardon, sir—but there is one thing I should like to mention at once. I am afraid—a—that I am expected to clean the boots."

*Gentleman*—"Bless me! Oh dear no! There must be some mistake; I always clean them myself, and if you will leave your shoes outside your door, I will give them a polish at the same time."



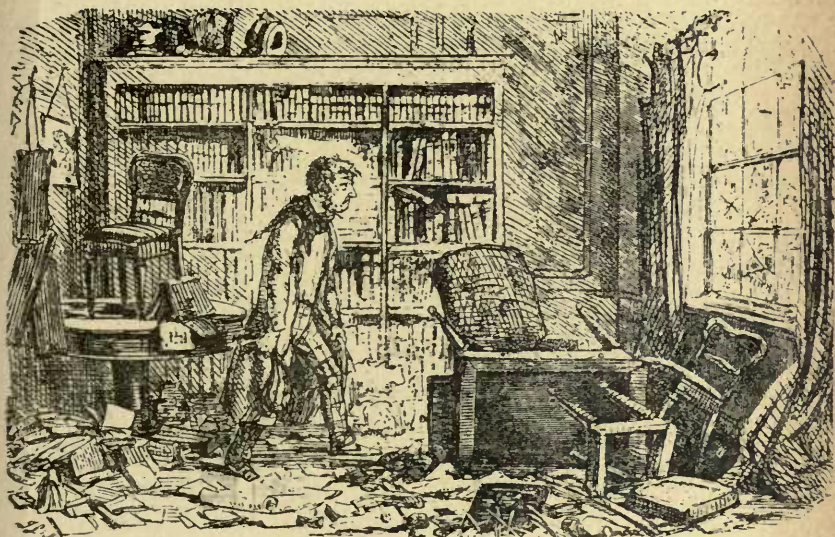


### FLUNKEIANA.

(Scene.—A public-house in Bury St. Edmunds.)

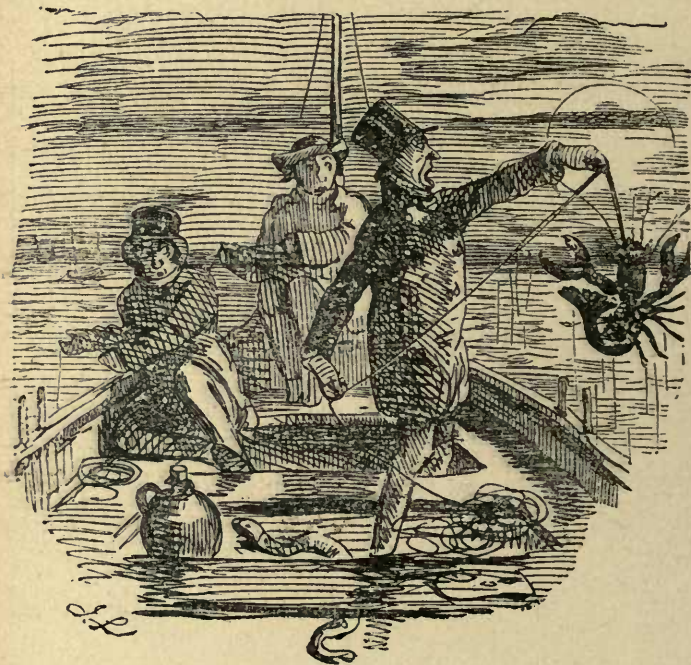
*Country Footman meekly enquires of London Footman—*  
 “Pray, sir, what do you think of our town? A nice place, ain’t it?”

*London Footman Condescendingly—*“Vell, Joseph I likes your town well enough. It’s clean; your streets are hairy; and you have lots of Rewins. But I don’t like your champagne; it’s all Gowsberry.”



SUBJECT FOR A PICTURE.

Irritable Gentleman disturbed by a bluebottle.



FISHING OFF BRIGHTON.

“ Oh yes! It's very easy to say ‘ Catch hold of him!’ ”





FLUNKEIANA.

*Lady*—"You wish to leave—Really it's very inconvenient Pray—have you any reason to be dissatisfied with your place?"

*Flunkey*—"Oh, dear no, Ma'am—not dissatisfied exactly. But—a—the fact is, Ma'am, you don't keep no wheicle, and I find I miss my carriage exercise."



AN ENTHUSIASTIC FISHER.

"What a bore ! Just like my luck. No sooner have I got my tackle ready, and settled down to a book, than there comes a confounded bite !"



THE WORST OF EVENING PARTIES.

*Ned*—"Hallo Bill, are you going to the Eagle to-night?"

*Bill*—"Why, no! it's such a bore to dress."



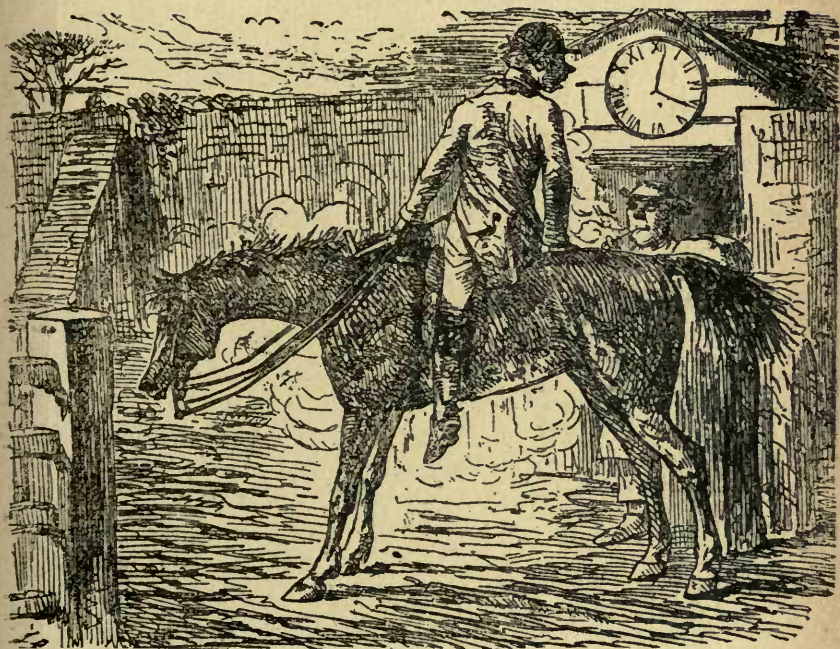


SPORTING YOUTH WHO HAS LOST THE HOUNDS.

*Youth*—"Seen the hounds go through here, Pikey?"

*Pikey*—"E-as, A have—tuppence!"

Youth pays the twopence and gallops on.



A LAPSE OF TWENTY MINUTES HAS TAKEN PLACE,  
WHEN SPORTING YOUTH RETURNS.

*Youth* (in a high state of excitement)—“Why, confound you! I thought you told me that you had seen the hounds go through here?”

*Pikey*—“E-as, so a did. Seed 'em yesterday!”





### FLUNKEIANA.

*Gentleman*—"Sixty Pounds a Year!! Why, man, are you aware that such a sum is more than is frequently given to a curate?"

*Flunkey*—"Oh, yes sir, but then you would hardly, I hope, go for to compare me with the henferior order of clergy."





### DOMESTIC BLISS.

*Edwin*—"Now, upon my life, Angelina, this is too bad—no buttons again."

*Angelina*—"Well, my dear, it's of no use fidgetting me about it. You must speak to Ann. You can't expect me to do everything."



### THE OPERA.

"Please, sir, give us your ticket, if you aint agoin' in again."



HOW TO DRESS A LOBSTER.

*Rude Boy*—"Oh, look 'ere Jim!—If 'ere aint a lobster bin and out-growed his cloak!"





## AN EXCLUSIVE.

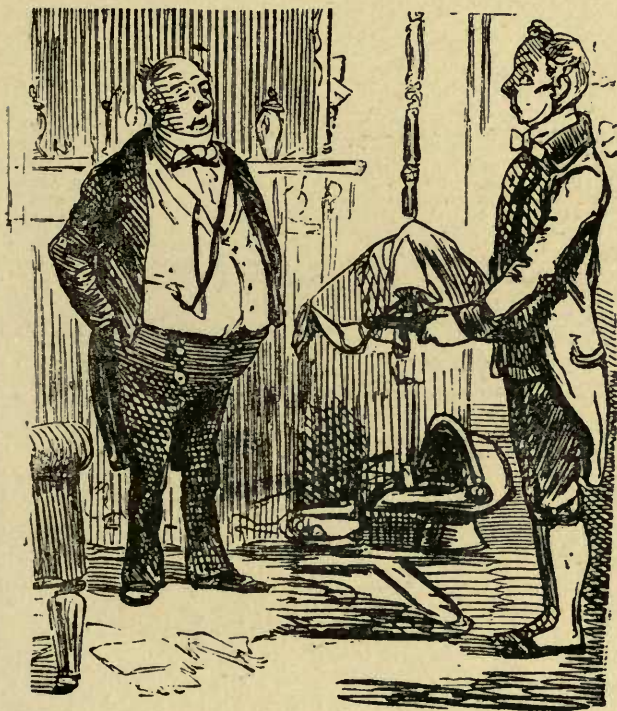
*Enter small Swell* (who drawls as follows)—“A—Bwown. a—want some more coats.”

*Tailor*—“Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. How many would you please to have?”

*Small Swell*—A—let me see, a’ll have eight. A—no, a’ll have nine. Look here! a—shall want some trowsers.”

*Tailor*—“Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. How many would you like?”

*Small Swell*—“A—I don’t know exactly. Spose we say twenty-four pairs; and look here! Show me some patterns that won’t be worn by any snobs!”



## FLUNKEIANA.

*Old Gent.*—"Thomas I have always placed the greatest confidence in you. Now tell me, Thomas, how is it that my butcher's bills are so large, and that I always have such bad dinners?"

*Thomas*—"Really, sir, I don't know. For I am sure we never have anything nice in the kitchen that we don't always send *some* of it up to the dining room."



SNOW-FLAKES.—NO. I.

*Small Boy* (to his natural enemy the Policeman)—“ Snowballs, sir! No sir! I hav’nt seen no one throw no snowballs, sir!”





SNOW-FLAKES.—NO. II.

*Street Boy*—"Hoh! Soosanner! Don't yer cry for me! Fol de rol de riddle lol. Here's a jolly slide. Cut away, young 'un. It's all serene!"



SNOW-FLAKES.—NO. III.

*Playful Youth*—"Please, sir, I wasn't a heavin' at you- I was heavin' at Billy Jones."



THE HAT-MOVING EXPERIMENT.

Algernon thinks that he has seen worse experiments.





## A FALSE POSITION.

*Gentleman* (who is not over strong in his head, or firm on his legs)—“D-d-d-d-id waltzing—ever—make—you—giddy? Because, I—shall—be—happy—to—sit—down—whenever you’re—tired!”

*Girl* (who is in high dancing condition)—“Oh, dear, no—I could waltz all night!”



SERVANTGALISM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF  
THE MISSUSES?

*Servant Gal*—"Well, Mam—heverythink considered—I'm afraid you won't suit me. I've always bin brought up genteel: and couldn't go nowheres where there ain't no footman kep'."





SERVANTGALISM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF  
THE MISSUSES?

*Old Laay*—"What is it boy?"

*Boy*—"Please 'm—it's a pair of white sating shoes, and the lady's fan wot's bin mended—name of Miss Julier Pearlash."

*Old Lady*—"Miss!!!!?????"

*Voice from Area*—"Oh, it's all right, mum. It's me!"





SERVANTGALISM;  
OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES:

*Servant Gal* (who has quarrelled with her bread and butter)  
—“If you please, ma'am, I find there's cold meat for dinner  
in the kitchen. Did you expect me to eat it?”

*Lady*—“Of course I expect you to eat it, and an excellent  
dinner too”

*Servant*—“Oh, then, if you please'm, I should like to leave  
this day month.”



THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM—HOSPITALITY.

*Officer*—"Well, but look here, old fellow; why not stop all night?"



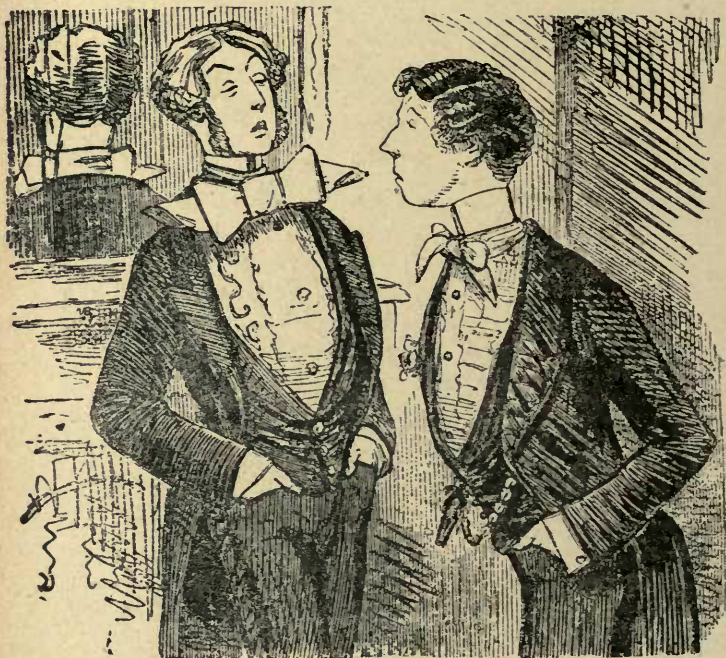


THE NEW BONNET.

*Frederick*—"There, now, how very provoking! I've left the prayer books at home!"

*Maria*—"Well, dear, never mind; but do tell me is my bonnet straight?"





A GREAT MENTAL EFFORT.

*First Cock Sparrow*—"What a miwackulus tye, Fwank! How the dooce do you manage it?"

*Second Cock Sparrow*—"Yas. I fancy it is rather grand. But, you see, I give the whole of my mind to it."



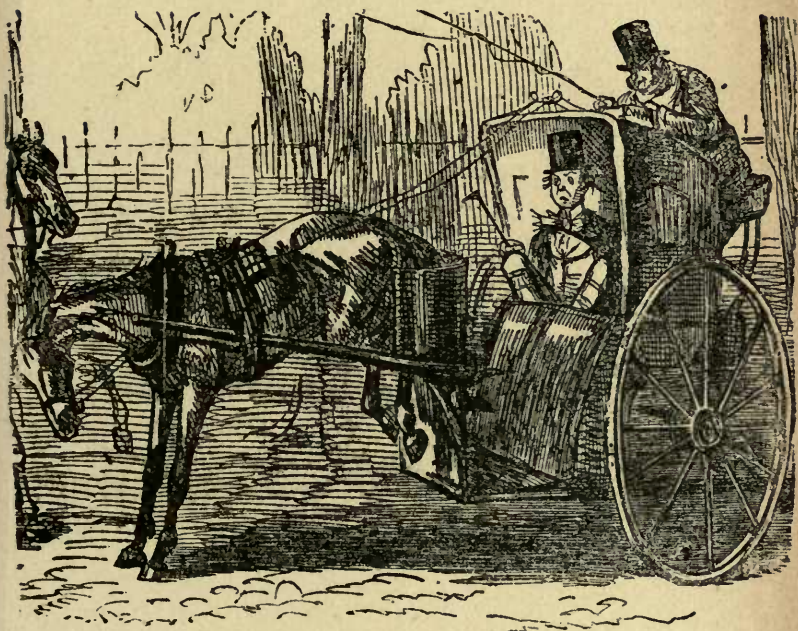
CRUEL.

"Remember the steward, sir, if you please."









A PLAYFUL CREATURE.

*Cabby*—"Don't be alarmed, sir, it s only his play."



### A VERY VULGAR SUBJECT.

*William*—"Here's wishin' you good 'ealth Jim, and a Happy New-Year."

*James*—"Thank'ye Bill, thank'ye. I had ought to be a happy cove—for I have got a wife as can thrash any man of her weight—and I've got a child of two years and an arf as can eat two pounds of beef steak at a sitting—let alone owning the smallest black and tan terrier in the world."



STUDY OF AN ELDERLY FEMALE HAILING THE  
LAST OMNIBUS.





### A LARGE BUMP OF CAUTION.

*Flora*—"Oh, let us sit here, Aunt, the breeze is so delightful."

*Aunt*—"Yes, Dove!—It's very nice I dare say. But I won't come any nearer to the cliff, for I am always afraid of slipping through those railings."



LATEST FROM PARIS.

*Beautiful Being*—"Well, I must say, Parker, that I like the hair dressed a l'imperatrice. It shows so much of the face.'



### A SERIOUS THREAT.

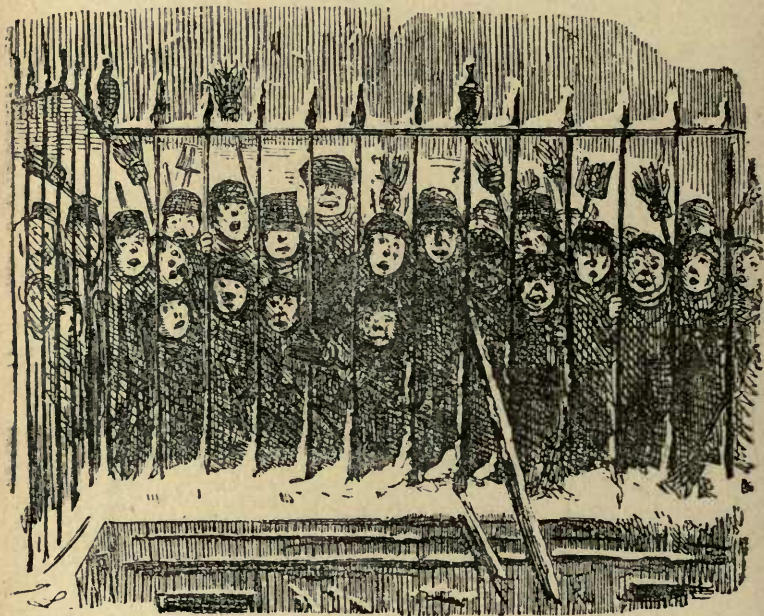
*Unsophisticated Little Girl*—"Now, you stop crying Billy, If you ain't quiet directly, I'll give yer to this great, big hugly man!"

[Sensation of Swell in gorgeous array.]



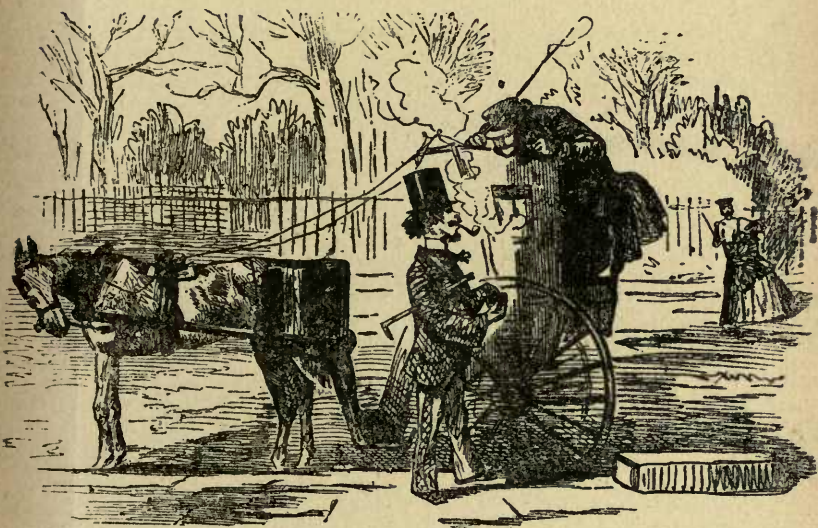


A TRIFLE THE MATTER WITH THE KITCHEN  
BOILER.



COMPETITION.

“Want your door done, Mum!”



GAMMONING A GENT.

*Little Gent*—"Ow much?"

*Cabby*—"Well! I'd rather leave it to you, sir! And what we poor hansoms is to do when all you officers is gone abroad, goodness knows."





ENTER MR. BOTTLES, THE BUTLER.

*Master Fred*—"There! that's capital! Stand still, Bottles, and I'll show you the Chinese knife trick."



FLUNKEIANA—A FACT.

*Flunkey* (out of place)—“There’s just one question I would like to ask your ladyship. Ham I engaged for work, or ham I engaged for ornament?”



RAILWAY SMOKING.

*Undergraduate*—"You don't object to smoking I hope?"

*Old Party*—"Yes, sir, I object very much indeed!—in fact I have the strongest objection to smoking!!!

*Undergraduate*—"Hm! Ha! Some people have." (Smokes for the next fifty miles).





# HOW TO GET A CONNECTION.

*Shopman* (to ancient party)—“Yes Miss. Thank you Miss. Is there any other article, Miss? Can we send it for you, Miss?”

[Old lady thinks it is such a nice shop.]



### THINKING ALOUD.

*Genius*—"By the way, did you glance at that article of mine on the intellect of woman? I don't care two pence about your opinion. Only if you can say something favourable, of course, I shall be pleased"

*Common Sense*—"Well I tried it, but I found it such rubbish that I couldn't get on. To tell you the truth, a little thing in the cheesemongering line would be more in your way."



A BRUTAL FELLOW.

*Policeman*—"Now, Mum. What's the matter?"

*Injured Female*—"If you please Mister, I want to give my wretch of a 'usband in charge. He is always a knocking of me down and stampin' on me!"





A DELICIOUS SAIL OFF DOVER.

*Old Lady*—"Goodness Gracious, Mr Boatman! What is that?"

*Stolid Boatman*—"That Mum! Nothin' Mum. Only the artillery a practisin', and that's one of the cannon balls that has just struck the water."



### DIVISION OF LABOUR.

*Sportsman* (in standing beans)—“Where to now, Jack?”

*Jack*—“Well! let’s see. I should just go up the beans again, and across the top end, beat round the other side and round by the bottom, while you’re there, get over and try old Haycock’s standing oats. I’ll stop here and mark!”





A THOROUGH GOOD COOK.

*Lady*—"Then why did you leave your last place, pray?"

*Cook*—"Well Ma'am, after I'm done work, I am very fond of singing and playing on the accordion, and Missus hadn't seem to like it—and so I gave notice!"





### BOTTOM-FISHING.

*Piscator No. 1* (miserably)—“Now, Tom, do leave off. It isn't of any use, and it's getting quite dark.”

*Piscator No. 2*—“Leave off!! What a precious disagreeable chap you are. You come out for a day's pleasure, and you are always a wanting to go home.”



FIRST NIGHT IN THE NEW HOUSE.

Awful discovery of black beetles.



• NO OFFENCE.

*Victim*—"Hope you will not be offended, sir. But I should be very glad if you would settle my little bill up to Christmas."

*Mr Dump*—"Offended, my dear boy! Not in the least! But the fact is, I have suspended cash payments for some time."





MATRIMONIAL SOLICITUDE.

*Managing Ma'ma*—"My goodness, Ellen, how wretchedly pale you look For goodness' sake bite your lips and rub your cheeks."



### AQUATICS.

Who is this? Why, this is Mr John Chubb pulling one of his long, slow, steady strokes. He is taking more pains than usual, because those pretty girls in the round hats are sitting on the lawn drawing from nature.



# DIFFERENCE OF TASTE.

*Chorus* (of nice young ladies)—“Oh! of all and of all, I never! Isn't it the darlingest, sweetest, prettiest, dear little darling, darling! Oh! did you ever!!”

*Solo* (by horrid plain spoken boy)—“H'm! I think it's a nasty, ugly little beast, for all the world like a cat or a monkey.”

[Sensation.]



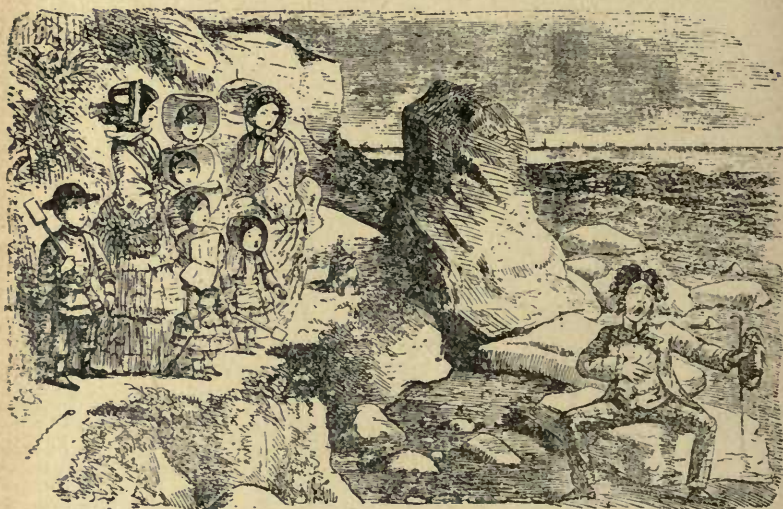


[After a great deal of coaxing and persuasion, Master Tom is prevailed on to pay a visit to the dentist. Inconsiderate and vulgar street boys unfortunately pass at the moment.]

*First Inconsiderate Street Boy*—"Oh crickey! If here ain't a chap going to have a grinder out. My eye, what fangs!!"

*Second Ditto*—"Oh, I would be 'im. Won't there be a screw winch required neether?"

(Of course Master Tom relapses into his previous very obstinate state.)



[Tableau representing a young gentleman, who fancies he is alone by the "Sad Sea Waves." He takes the opportunity of going through the last scene of "Lucia."]

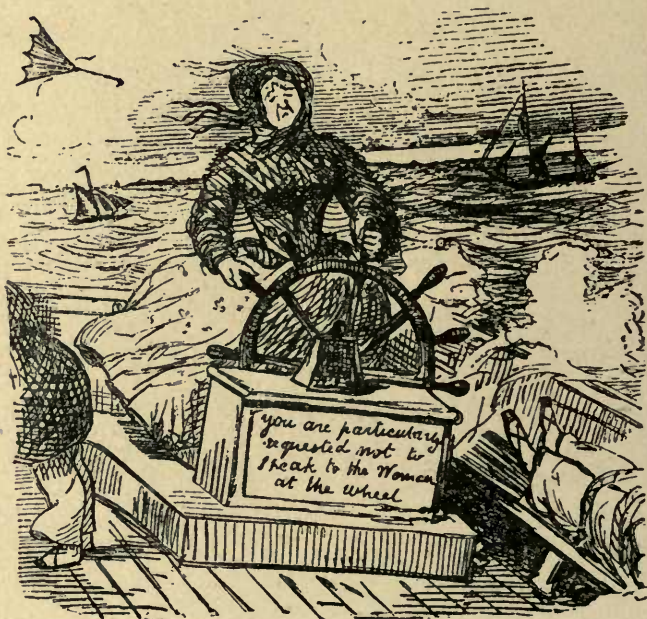
*N.B.*—The Young Gentleman's voice (which HE imagines to be like Mario's) is of the most feeble and uncertain quality.



MISS BROWN KINDLY TAKES HER COUSIN OUT  
FISHING.

*Inferior Animal*—"Oh Dear! Cousin! here's a fish taken  
all my bait. Do come and put on another worm."





THE WOMAN AT THE WHEEL.



### THE FEMALE OF THE FUTURE.

*Father of the Family*—"Come, dear ; we so seldom go out together now—can t you take us all to the play to-night?"

*Mistress of the House and M.P.*—"How you talk, Charles! Don't you see that I am too busy? I have a committee to-morrow morning, and I have my speech to prepare for the evening"



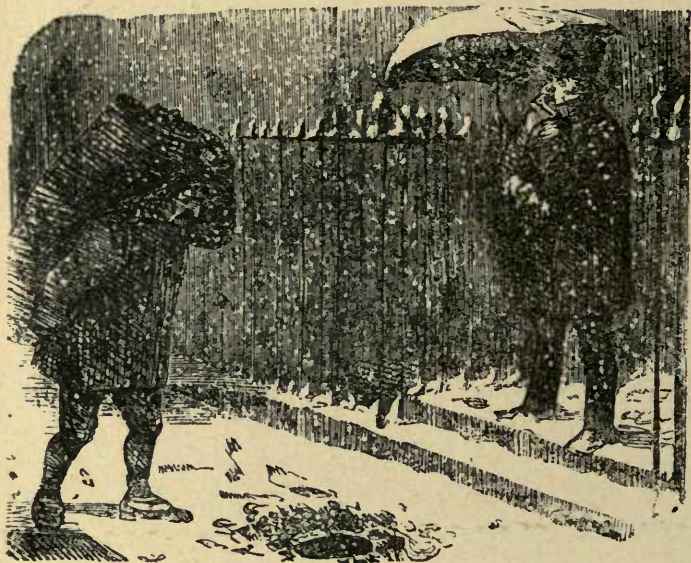
HOW COOL AND NICE THESE FRENCH-POLISHED  
FLOORS ARE—BUT, OH DEAR, HOW VERY HARD!





VILLIKENS IN THE DRAWING ROOM.

*Young Lady*—"Now, William, you are not low enough yet. Begin at 'He took the cold Pizen.'"



WISE MAN.

When coals are so dear, it behoves every family man to see that he gets the proper number of sacks for the money. Paterfamilias does his duty like a man, although the coals arrive just at his dinner-time, and the weather is rather inclement.



QUITE SAFE.

*Stout Party*—"Ahem! I want to have a look at the hounds to-morrow. Do you think that you have got anything that would carry me?"

*Stable Keeper*—"Well, sir! I think I have two brown osses—and an omnibus as perhaps might do it!"





A GREAT PROSPECT.

“What a stunning Meerschaum you have got, Charley!”

“Yes, I think it will be handsome by the time I’ve properly coloured it!”



A GORGEOUS SPECTACLE.

*Sarah Jane*—"Oh, Betsy, come 'ere, and bring Johnnie! Why, we can see the 'oofs of the 'orses!"



SOMETHING LIKE SPORT.

*Jolly Angler*—"Hooray, Tom! I've got one—and, my word! didn't he pull?"





TRADE.

*Commercial Gent*—"This war, sir, will be a terrible hindrance to all kinds of business."

*Swell*—"Aw—dessay! d'lighted to hear it—a always had the greatest aversion to all kinds of business."



DELIGHTFUL OUT-DOOR EXERCISE IN WARM  
WEATHER.

Running amidst shouts of "Now then, butter-fingers"—  
"Oh! Oh!"—"Throw it in, look sharp!"—"Quick! in  
with it," &c. &c.

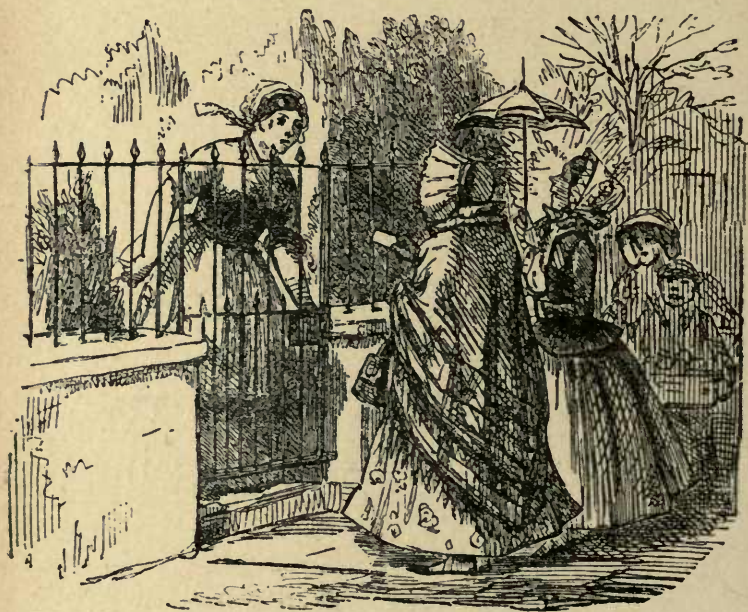


### SERVANTGALISM.

*Housemaid*—"Well, Soosan, I've made up my mind not to stop 'ere no longer to work like negroes as we do."

*Cook*—"Nor I neither! But just turn the meat, will you, please, the whilst I finish my crotchet?"





### SERVANTGALISM.

'Ousemade (from town)—“Is Han Jenkis at home?”

Suburban Cook—“No; she has just gone to her milliner's.”

'Ousemade—“Then give her my card, please, and say, I 'ope she got home safely from the ball.”



BIT FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

*First*—"Wu't tak thy quat off, then? Oi tell thee Oi m as good a mon as thee."

*Second*—"Thee a mon! Whoy thee be'est only walking about to save thy funeral expenses!"



BIT FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

*First Polite Native*—"Who's 'im, Bill?"

*Second Ditto*—"A stranger!"

*First Ditto*—" 'Eave 'arf a brick at 'im."





## SERVANTGALISM.

*Lady*—"Wish to leave! why Thompson, I thought you were very comfortable with me?"

*Thompson* (who is extremely refined)—"Hoh, yes ma'am, I don't find no fault with you ma'am. But the truth is, ma'am, the hother servants is so 'orrid vulgar, and hignorant, and speaks so hungrammatical, that I reely can't live in the same 'ouse with them!"



DELIGHTFUL PRIVILEGE DURING WINTER MONTHS.

You may bathe in the Serpentine from 6 until 7 in the morning, and 7 until 8 in the evening



SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE.

*Stout Old Gentleman*—"A shower-bath make your hair in a mess! Not a bit of it, if you wear an oil-skin cap like this, as I do."





SURPRISE FOR TOMKINS.

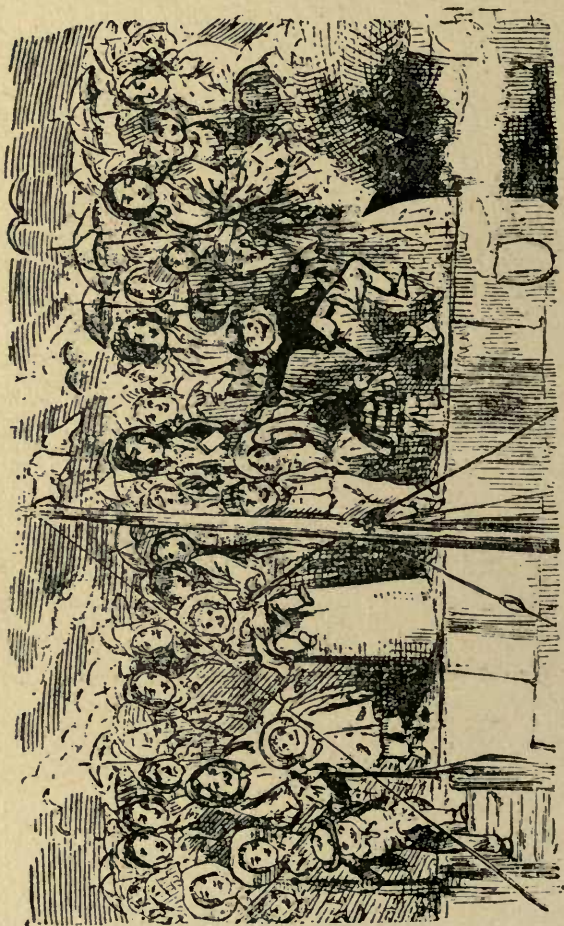
*Railway Porter*—"Now then, sir! By your leave!"



ALL RIGHT?

*Master Tom* (to old lady who is very nervous about fire)—  
“It’s all right, Granma! My candle is out. I’m only smoking  
my usual weed.”





SEASIDE SATURDAY EVENING.

The Arrival of the "Husbands" boat.





### SERIOUS FOR THE MILITARY.

*Edward* (to his military cousin)—“No! I shan’t! I shan’t go and shoot blackbirds; and I tell you what, Master Charley, you dragoon swells won’t have such a pull on us civilians now, for we are all going to grow beards and moustaches.”



FASHIONS FOR FAST MEN.

*Tom*—"Which do you like best for trousers, Bill? Checks or stripes?"

*Bill*—"Well, I think checks are uncommon superior, but stripes is most nobby."



### A RARE TREAT.

*Angelina*—"Will my darling Edwin grant his *Angelina* a boon?"

*Edwin*—"Is there anything on earth that Edwin would not do for his pet?—name the boon, oh, dearest—name it!"

*Angelina*—"Then, love, as we dine by ourselves to-morrow, let us, oh! let us have roast pork, with plenty of sage and onions!"





ALAS FOR THE OLD INSTITUTIONS.

*First Butcher-Boy*—"So they've done away with Smithfel."

*Second Butcher-Boy*—"Ah! they'll soon be bowling out  
hall our old institoushuns."



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

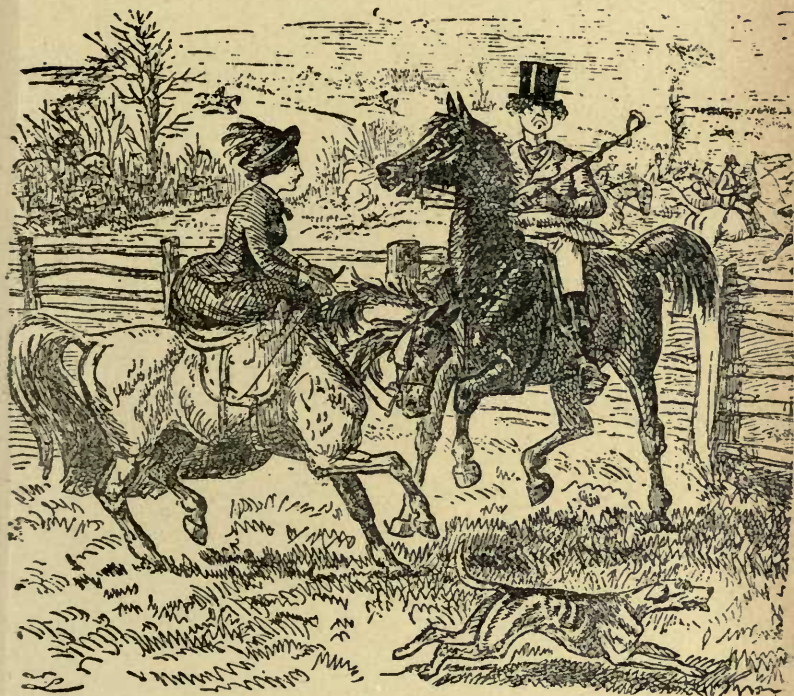
“My eye, Tom! What a 'orrid bore for the horficer swells, now we've took to wearin' our moustarchers. The gals can't tell hus from them now!”



WONDERFUL EFFECT OF ETHER IN A CASE OF  
SCOLDING WIFE.

*Patient*—"This is really quite delightful—a most beautiful dream."





RATHER AWKWARD FOR TOMKINS.

*Young Diana*—"I think, sir, if you would be so good as go first and break the top rail, my pony would then get over."

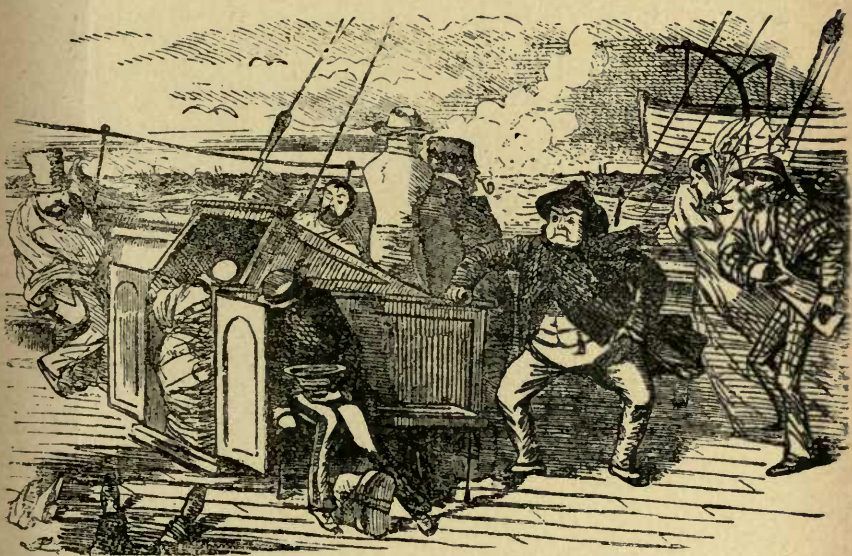


SERVANTGALISM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE  
MISSUSES?

*Servant Gal*—"Oh! if you please, mam, there was one other thing I should like to have settled."

*Lady*—"Yes?"

*Gal*—"Where do you go to the seaside in the summer? because I couldn't stop at a dull place, and where the hair wasn't very bracing!!"



### SAILING INSTRUCTIONS.

When the ship begins to roll, fix your gaze on some distant object, as Jones does—best plan for minimising sickness.





A COUNTRY BALL.

*First Amiable Lady* (very loud)—“What a remarkably odd set of people one meets at a county ball!”

*Second ditto*—“Oh, very droll indeed!”

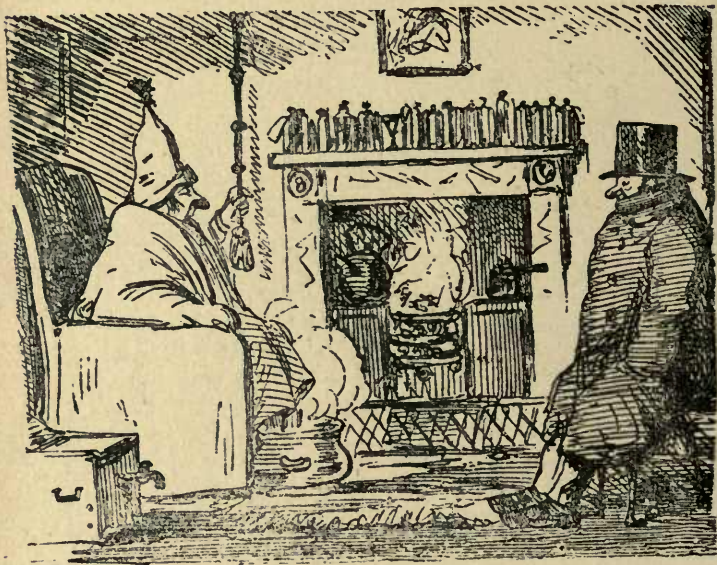
*Poor Little Swell*—“Yeth; and so thtwangely drethed!”



AFTER PARTAKING VERY HEARTILY.

*Amiable Experimentalist*—"Makes a delicious side dish, doesn't it? But it is not the common mushroom. It is a large fungus called the *Agaricus Procerus*."

[General panic takes place.]



### THE INFLUENZA.

"This is really very kind of you to call. Can I offer you anything—a basin of gruel, or a glass of cough mixture? Don't say no."





HOW TO FLATTER A GENT.

*Mr Moses*—"Got any old clothes, sir? Any left-off uniforms, captain?"



BEST FOOT FOREMOST.

*French Official*—"Have you  
a passport?"

*English Gent*—"Nong, mos-  
soo."

*Official*—"Your name?"

*Gent*—"Belville."

*Official*—"Christia nom?"

*Gent*—"Arry."

*Official*—"Profession?"

*Gent*—"Banker."



THE RISING GENERATION.

*Juvenile*—"I wonder whether that girl has got any tin for  
I feel most owdaciously inclined to cut that fellow out."





## MEETING HIM HALF-WAY.

*Young Hopeful*—"Well, it's of no use, governor ; I can't stick to business. I want to be a soldier, and you must buy me a commission."

*Governor*—"No, my boy ; I can't afford to buy you a commission. But I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will go down to Chatham and enlist, I will give you my word of honour I won't buy you off."



CONSOLS AT 90.

*Husband*—"Well, I declare I'm quite glad it's a wet day ; it will be an excuse to stop at home with my darling little pipsey-popsey. What do you say, Dicky? Eh? Pretty Dick! Pretty Dick!"



## CONSOLS AT 80.

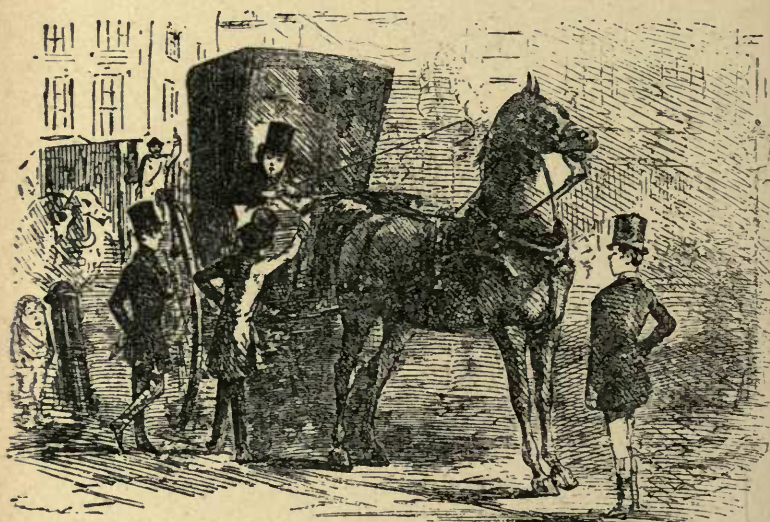
*Husband*—"Go out for a walk! Nonsense! I've something else to do. I think, too, that you might pull down that blind, unless you want the sun to spoil all the furniture. And, oh dear, for goodness sake, do take that confounded canary out of the room!"





A BRILLIANT IDEA.

*Matilda*—"Oh, look ye here, Tommy. S'pose we play at your being the big footman, and me and Lizzerbuth 'll be the fine ladies in the carriage!"



### THE RISING GENERATION.

*First Juvenile* (in trap)—“Well, Charley, you have had it out with the old boy?”

*Second Juvenile*—“Ya-as; and—aw—what do you think the undutiful old governor sa-ays?”

*First Juvenile*—“Haven’t the least id-eaw.”

*Second Juvenile*—“Why, he sa-ays I must do something to get my own living!”

*First Juvenile*—“Oh, Law! What a horrid Baw!”



### PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

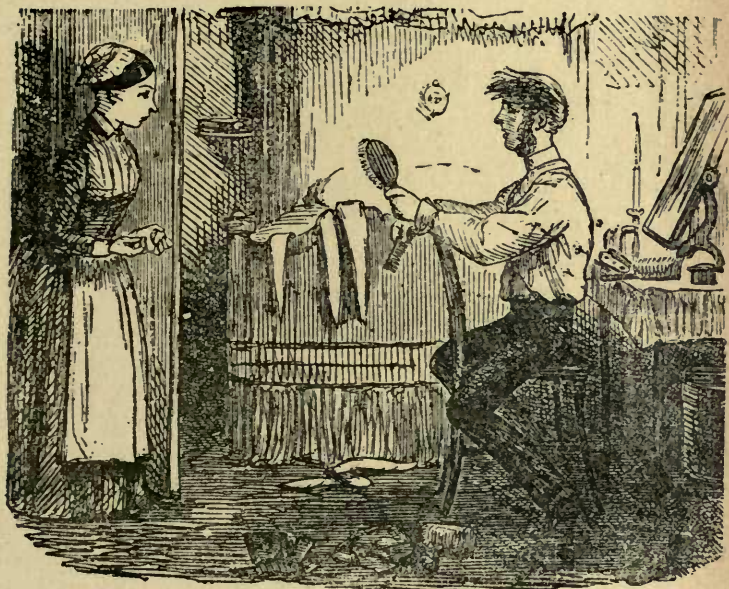
Paterfamilias insists that the girls shall wear very stout boots in the wet weather. But the girls don't at all like "the nasty, great, ugly, thick things!"





### HONEYMOON AT SEA.

"The happy pair then started for the Continent, *via* Folkestone, to spend the honeymoon."



A REAL DIFFICULTY.

*Irritated Swell*—"Ring! Yes, of course, I rung! How do you suppose I'm to do my back hair with only one candle?"



A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

*Fox-Hunter*—"Here's a bore, Jack! The ground is half a foot thick with snow, and it's freezing like mad!"





LITERAL.

*Young Lady*—"Pray, cabman, are you engaged?"

*Cabman*—"Lor' bless yer, miss; why, I've been married this seven years."



GOOD SECURITY.

*Boy*—“Please, sir, give me a brown.”

*Swell*—“Sixpence is the smallest money I have, my little lad.”

*Boy*—“Vel, sir, I’ll get yer change ; and if yer doubts my honour, hold my broom.”



ON THE MOORS.

*Mr Puff*—"My bird, I think."

*Mr Muff*—"Belongs to me, I fancy." &c., &c., &c.





SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF.

*Buyer*—"Is he well broke?"

*Seller*—"Lor' bless ye! Look at his knees!"



ONE OF THE FINE ARTS.

Mr Bungle always makes his flies on the bank of the stream.  
Here is one of his most successful efforts.

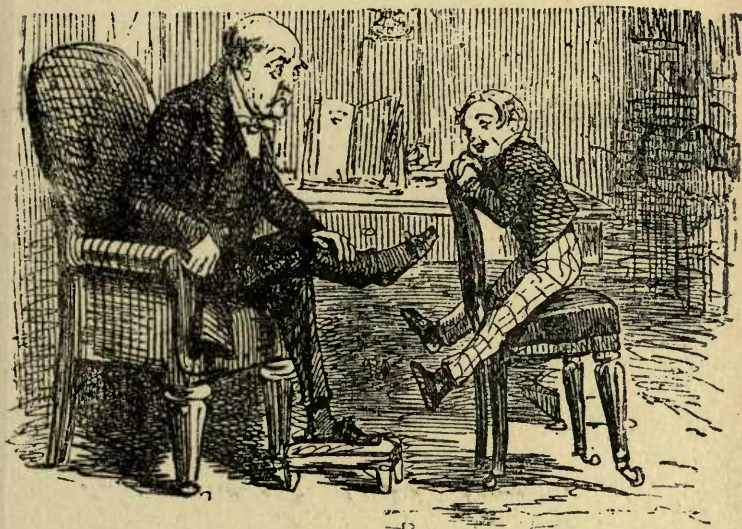


### TABLE RAPPING.

"Do you believe in this table-rapping that there's such a fuss about?"

"Oh, dear, no! Why, the other evening a table was asked how old I was, and it rapped out forty! Ridiculous, when I am not three and twenty till next March!"

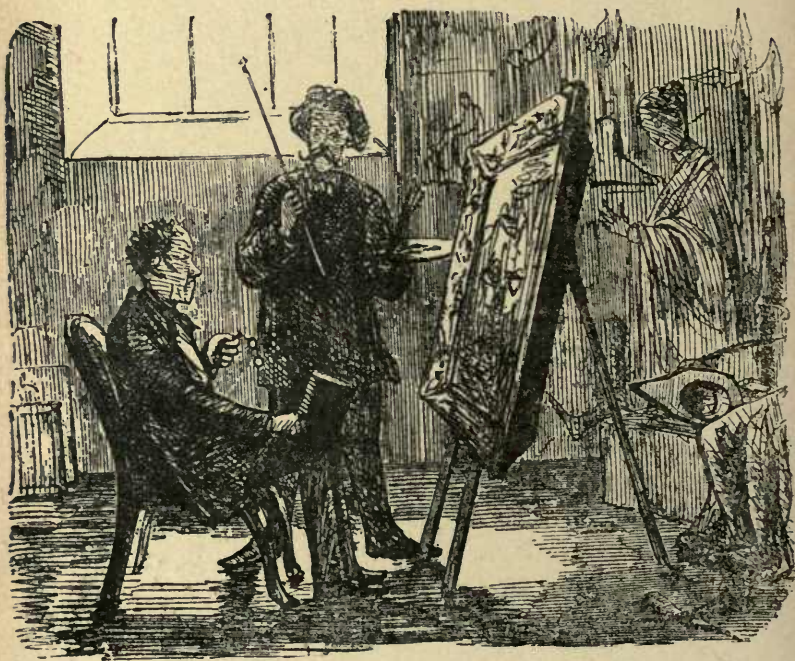




A GOOD EDUCATION.

*Father*—"Well, Augustus, you have had a first-rate education, and you must now choose a profession. Will you be a lawyer, a doctor, or a parson?"

*Augustus*—"No, I'll rather be a clown!"



### THE FINISHING TOUCH TO A PICTURE.

*Artist*—"Now, don't hesitate to say if you see anything I can alter or improve."

*Patron*—"Hm! well! no! I don't see anything—except, perhaps, you—a—might repaint the principal figures; and—  
I—yes—I should certainly get a new background in."



CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

The London footman exhausted.





BEGINNING FIRES FOR THE WINTER.  
SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE CHIMNEY.

*Sweep (loq.)*—"This chimley always was a bad un to smoke, sir; the party as lived here before you came had a deal of trouble with it."



AN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF  
SCIENCE ON AN EXCURSION.



### BUSINESS LIKE.

"I say, Charley, don't you think you had better go back to your customer?"

*Incipient Wine Merchant*—"Not yet. Always gone a quarter of an hour for the very old port—further end of the cellar! Cellar's very extensive! Great care necessary, for fear of disturbing the crust you know—et cetera. Twig?"





### JACK ASHORE

*Policeman*—"Hollo, Jack. I suppose you're not sorry to come on land for a bit!"

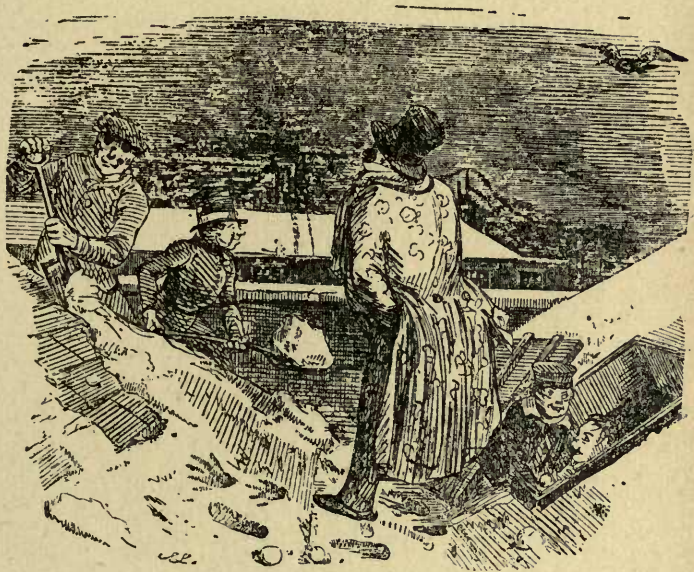
*Jack* (who hasn't got his shore legs yet)—"Well, it aint such a bad place for a day or two, only it's so precious difficult to walk straight."



NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS (?).

*First Old Fozzle*—"Would you like to see the paper, sir? There's nothing in it."

*Second Old Fozzle*—"Then, what the devil did you keep it so long for?"



PATERFAMILIAS SUPERINTENDS IN PERSON.  
THE REMOVAL OF THE SNOW  
FROM THE ROOF OF HIS HOUSE.





PLEASING EFFECT BELOW.



THE BATTLE OF THE PIANOS.



DELIGHTFUL FOR MOTHER.

*Old Lady*—"Ah! I was just such another when I was her age."





A CAUTION DURING THE MISTLETOE SEASON  
TO YOUNG GENTLEMEN WHO WEAR SHARP-  
POINTED MOUSTACHES.

*Pretty Cousin*—"What a tiresome great awkward boy you are! Just see how you have scratched my chin!"

[Young gentleman apologises amply.]



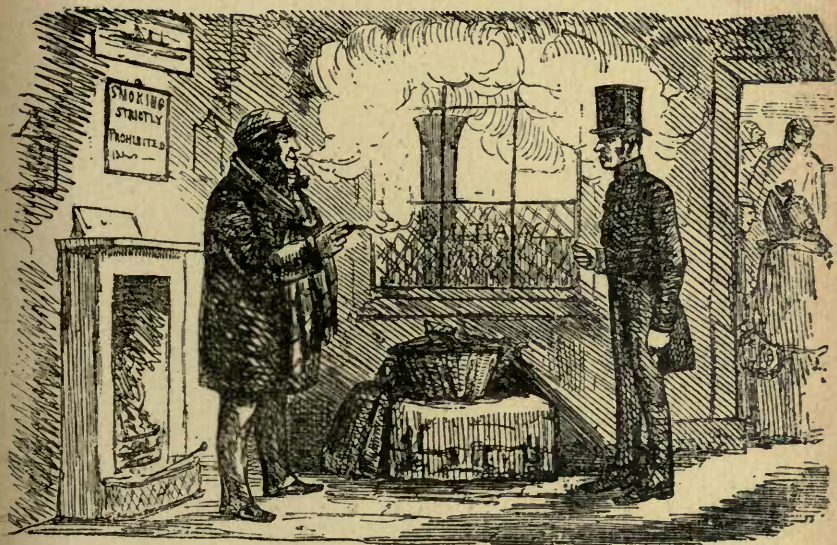
SCENE : DRAWING ROOM.

[Enter Horrid Boy.]

*Horrid Boy* (capering about)—“ Oh, look here, captain ! I've found out what Clara stuffs her hair out with. They're whiskers like yours ! ”

[Sensation.]





FRIEND, DOCTOR, AND WIFE.

*Railway Official*—"You'd better not smoke, sir."

*Traveller*—"That's what my friends say."

*Railway Official*—"But you mustn't smoke, sir."

*Traveller*—"So my doctor tells me."

*Railway Official* (indignantly)—"But you shan't smoke, sir."

*Traveller*—"Ah! just what my wife says."





A VISIT TO THE ANTEDILUVIAN REPTILES  
AT SYDENHAM.

Master Tom strongly objects to having his mind improved.



### THE TOO FAITHFUL TALBOTYPE.

*Georgina* (in riding habit)—“Well, dear, I declare, it’s the very image of you! I never!”

*Sarah Jane* (who insists upon seeing the plate)—“Like me? For goodness sake, don’t be ridiculous, *Georgina*. I think it’s perfectly absurd! Why, it has given me a stupid little turn-up nose, and a mouth that’s absolutely enormous!”





## FALSE PRETENCES.

*Young Lady* (whose birthday it is)—“Oh, yes! I have had a great number of nice presents; but I wonder who sent me this beautiful bouquet.”

*Handsome Party* (with moustaches, presence of mind, and great expression of eye)—“And can't you guess?” (Sighs deeply).

[*N.B.*—Poor Binks, who was at all the trouble and expense of getting the said bouquet from Covent Garden, is supposed to be watching the effect of his gift with some anxiety.]





ANOTHER BIT FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

*1st Collier*—"Surrey, dust thee know the Bishop's coming to-morrow?"

*2nd Ditto*—"Wot's that?"

*1st Ditto* (emphatically)—"The Bishop!"

*2nd Ditto*—"Oi don't know what thee mean'st, but moy bitch, Rose, shall pin her!"



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

*Frederick*—"Now, then, William, what are yer waitin' for?"

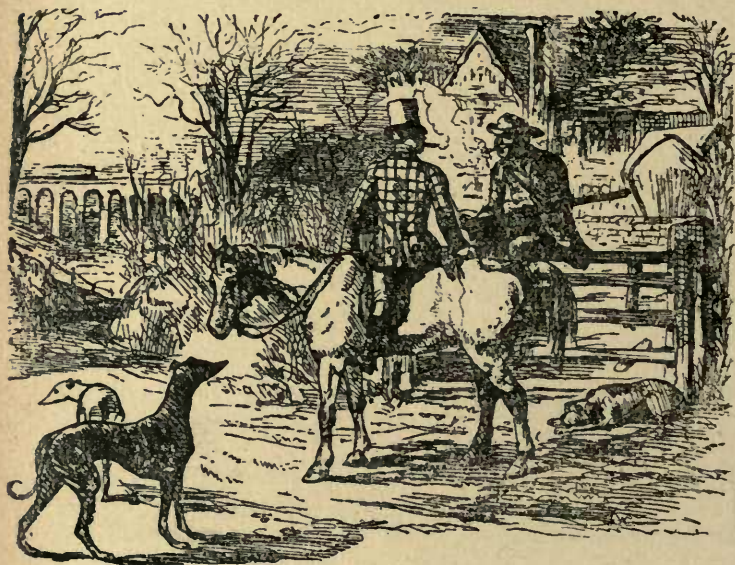
*William*—"Why, I was a thinkin' vether I should wear my moustachers like this here or like that hare."



LONG VACATION.

"Now then, Latitat, tuck in your six-and-eightpenny!"





AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

*Young Farmer, No. 1*—"Well, Charley, have you had much shooting lately?"

*Young Farmer, No. 2*—"Why, no: what with hunting two days a week and coursing two days, I don't get much time to go out with a gun."



## FLUNKEIANA.

*Flunkey* (who does not approve of Bloomsbury)—“No, ma'am, I don't objec' to the 'ouse, for it's hairey, and the vittles is good ; but the fact is that all my connections live in Belgravia !”



### THE TICKET-SHOWING NUISANCE.

Now, we do hope that this old gentleman is not going to be asked to show his ticket, because this old gentleman has just packed himself up quite comfortably, and his ticket is in the very innermost recess of his waistcoat pocket, and because, you see, this is just the sort of old gentleman who is likely to be much irritated by such a request at such a time.





## SCHOLASTIC.

*Mother*—"And pray, doctor, what are your terms for educating little boys?"

*The Principal*—"Why, my dear madam, my usual terms are seventy guineas per annum (to use the language of the ancient Romans), but, to effect my object quickly, I would take a few for what I could get, provided they be gentlemen, like your dear little boy there. But (again to use the Latin tongue) it is a *sine qua non* that they should be gentlemen!"



## PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.

When Mr Briggs left for the city in the morning, his gate was clean, and just newly painted. On his return in the evening, imagine his feelings on finding that all the juvenile artists of the district had been busy with additional ornamentation.



THESE HATS.

What happens with wearing these great round hats. Here's Flora run right into the arms of young Horace Spanker, who hasn't a penny.





### RATHER ALARMING.

*Lady*—"You wished, sir, I believe, to see me respecting the state of my daughter's affections, with a view to a matrimonial alliance with that young lady. If you will walk into the library, my husband and I will discuss the subject with you."

*Young Corydon*—"Oh, gracious!"



THINKING ALOUD.

*Railway Porter*—"First class, sir?"

*Unfortunate Oxonian*—"No; plucked."





GENERAL THAW AND BURSTING OF THE WATER PIPES.

Great fun for Tommy.





INNOCENT MIRTH.

The slide on the pavement.



### FRIGHTFUL.

*Clara*—"Well, Rose, dear, how do you feel after the party?"

*Rose*—"Oh, pretty well. Only I have had such a horrid dream. Do you know, I dreamt that that great stupid Captain Drawler upset a dish of trifle over my new lace dress!"



### BACHELOR HOUSEKEEPING.

*Mr Brown*—"Pray, Jane, what on earth is the reason I am kept waiting so long?"

*Jane*—"Please, sir, the rolls isn't come, and there is no bread in the house!"

*Mr Brown*—"Now, upon my word! How can you annoy me with such trifles? No bread? Then, bring me some toast."

[Exit Jane in dismay.]





### THE SENSATIONAL.

*News-vendor*—"Now, my man, what is it?"

*Loy*—"I vounts a nillustrated newspaper with a norrid murder and a likeness in it."



EARLY IN THE MORNING.

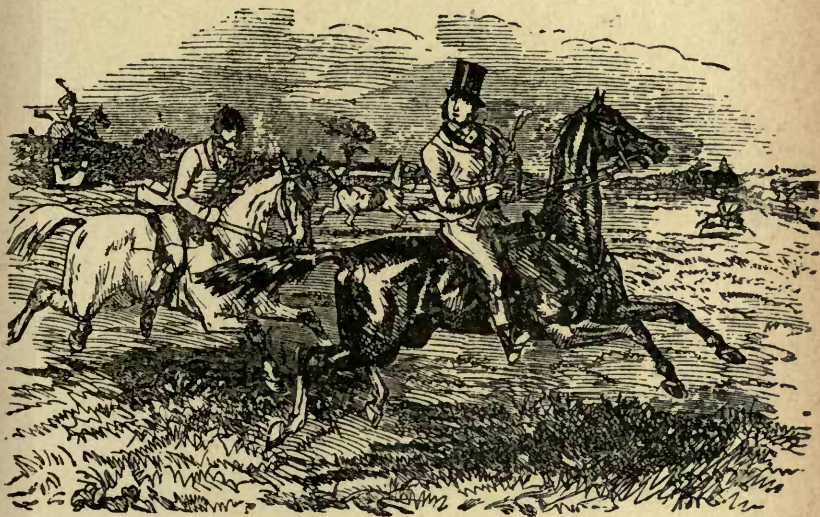
Oh, dear! that regular family next door are having their chimney swept again.



MORAL INFLUENCE OF EXECUTIONS.

"Where 'ave we bin? Why, to see the cove 'ung, to be sure."





NO CONSEQUENCE.

"I say, Jack, who's that come to grief in the ditch?"

"Only the parson."

"Oh, leave him there, then. He won't be wanted until next Sunday."



THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

Mr Briggs tries his shooting pony.



TWO ASPECTS.

*Soldier*—"Now, then! You must move away from here."

*Rude Boy*—"Ah! But you musn't, old feller!"





THE POLICE.

"I tell yer what, Bill ; I think the police are a bad lot, and I wish they was done away with altogether."



### WOMEN AND FREEMASONRY.

*Affectionate Little Wife* (who has made many abortive attempts to fathom the secrets of Freemasonry)—“Well, but, dear, tell me one thing. Do they put you into a coffin?”



# DID YOU EVER!

*Friend*—"Well, Sprat, my boy, and how do you get on now you're married?"

*Sprat*—"H'm! pretty bobbish. But there's one thing makes it dooced uncomfortable sometimes—*entre nous*—Mrs S. is so confoundedly jealous of me!"





AWFUL RESULT OF GIVING A SEASON TICKET  
TO YOUR WIFE.

*Mary*—"Please, sir, cook's gone hout for a holiday ; and missus didn't say nothing about no dinner, sir. Missus went early to the Exhibition with some lunch in a basket, and said she shouldn't be home until tea-time."



SUCH A LARK!

*Ingenious Youth*—"Oh, such a lark, Bill! I've bin and filled an old cove's letter-box with gooseberry skins and hoyster shells, and rapped like a postman!"

*Old Cove*—"Have you?"



FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.  
AN ATTEMPT AT CONVERTING THE NATIVES.

*Assiduous Young Curate*—"Well, then, I do hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing both of you next Sunday."

*Miner*—"Oi, thee may'st coam if 'e wull. We foight on the croft, and old Joe Tanner brings th' beer."





MODERATE TERMS.

[Enter costermonger—to old lady passionately fond of flowers.]

*Coster*—" 'Scuse me, marm, but did yer want yer green-  
'ouse smoked? No charge; only to find the 'bacca, and a  
drop of sumthin' to drink."



FINE BUSINESS, INDEED! THE WRETCH!

*Master of the House*—"Oh, Mary, what is there for dinner to-day?"

*Mary*—"I think, sir, it's cold mutton, sir."

*Master of the House*—"H'm! Oh! Tell your mistress when she comes in that I may possibly be detained in the city on business, and she is on no account to wait dinner for me."

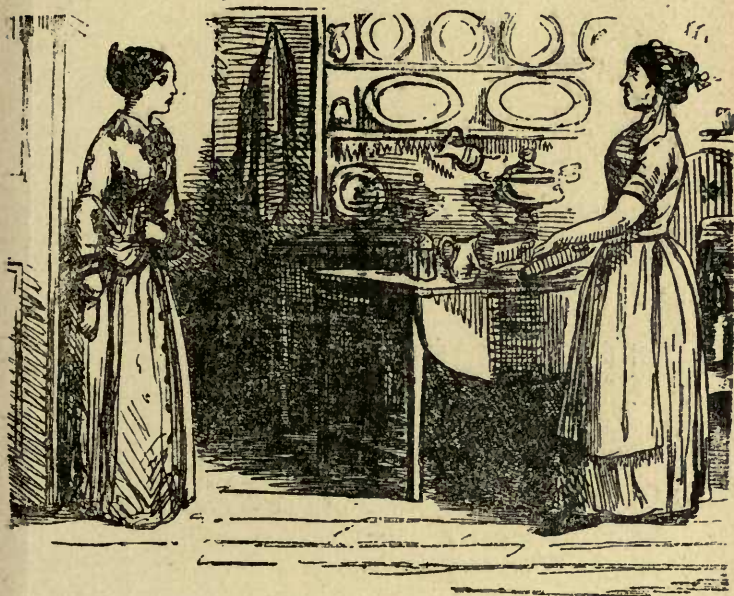


### OLD CLOTHES!!

*Young Sholomunsh* (to young Snobley, who is attired in his very best)—“Now, sir! Let me shell you a nish shuit of closhe. Make yer good allowance for the old uns yer’ve got on!”

[Snobley’s feelings may be imagined.]





SERVANTGALISM:  
OR WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?

*Cook*—"Well, to be sure, mum! Last place I were in, missis always knocked at the door afore she come into my kitchen!"



HOW DISAGREEABLE THE BOYS ARE!

*Boy*—"My eye, Tommy! there's the helephant from the S'logical Gardens going a-skating!"

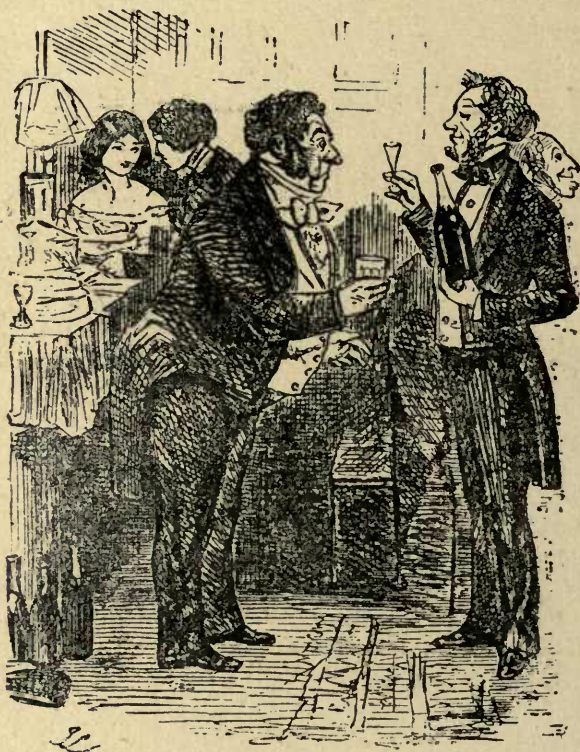


### THE RISING GENERATION.

*Old Gentleman*—"Bless my heart! This vibration of the carriage is very unusual! Pray, my little man, have you any apprehension of accidents on railways?"

*Juvenile*—"Oh, none in the least, and especially with such a fat old buffer as you to be shot against!"





## POOR MUGGINS.

*Smythe* (to Muggins, who in the heat of the moment has been drinking his wine out of tumblers)—“There, my boy! that’s such a glass of champagne as you don’t get every day; and between you and me—(very confidentially)—between—you—and—me—I only gave four and twenty shillings a dozen for it!”



OUR LITTLE FRIEND, TOM NODDY, THINKS THE SEA-  
WATER WILL DO HIS MARE'S LEGS A  
WORLD OF GOOD.



COARSE, BUT CHARACTERISTIC.

*Cabman* (whose temper has been ruffled by omnibus man)  
 —“You! Why, you hungry looking wagabun, you look as if you'd bin locked up for a month in a cook's shop with a muzzle on.”

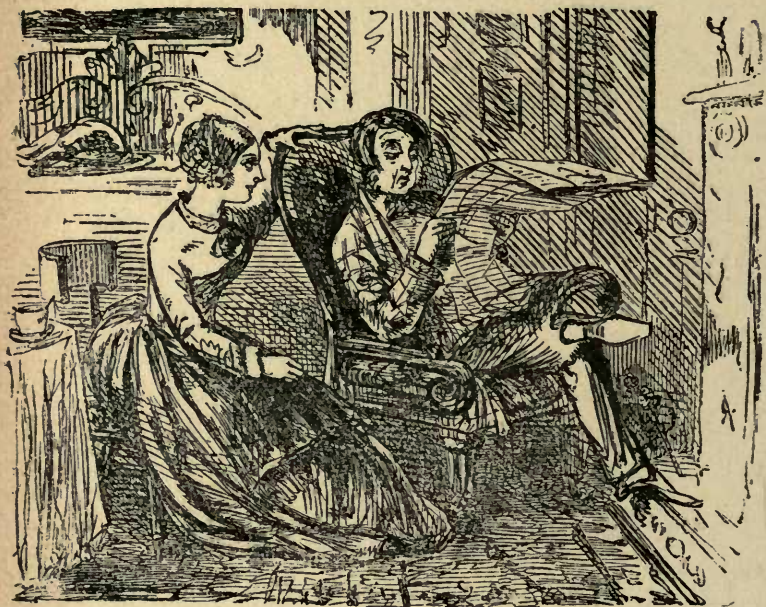




### OLD LADY AND LEVELLER.

*Engineer*—"Don't be alarmed, ma'am; it's only a dumpy leveller."

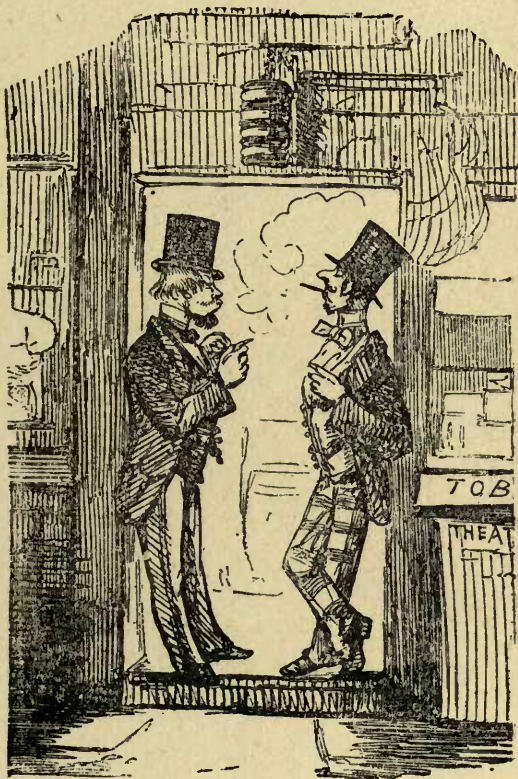
*Old Lady*—"Law! Dear now! Well, I'm sure! I thought it was a blunderbust. But don't fire it off, young man, till I've got by, for I was always terrible feared of guns."



A PERFECT WRETCH.

*Wife*—"Why dear me, William; how time flies! I declare, we have been married ten years to-day!"

*Wretch*—"Have we, love? I am sure, I thought it had been a great deal longer."



### THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

*Whipper*—"Well, I wear mine because it saves trouble, and is so very 'ealthy."

*Snapper*—"Hah! Well, there aint no humbug about me; I wear mine because they looks 'ansom and goes down with the gals."





## LIFE IN LONDON.

*Isabella*—"Well, aunt, and how did you like London? I suppose you were very gay?"

*Aunt* (who inclines to embonpoint)—"Oh, yes, love, gay enough. We went to the top o' the Monument o' Sunday, and to the top o' St. Paul's o' Tuesday, and to the top o' the Dook o' York's Column o' Wednesday; but I think altogether I like the quiet of the country."



AT THE CRIMEA.

"Well, Jack, here's good news from home We're to have a medal."

"That's very kind. Maybe one of these days we'll have a coat to stick it on!"

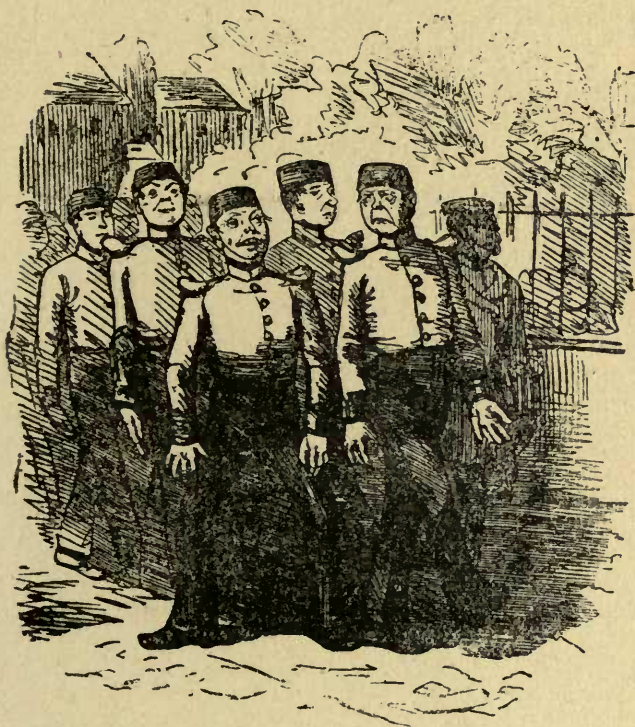


FRIENDLY, BUT VERY UNPLEASANT.

*Lively Party* (charging elderly gentleman with his umbrella)  
—“Hullo, Jones!”

[Disgust of elderly party, whose name is *Smith*.]





KEEPING STEP.

*First Militiaman*—"Jim, you bain't in step."

*Second ditto*—"Bain't I? Well, change your'n."



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

*Railway Official* (waking old gent from a sweet sleep)—  
“Tickets, please!”



TOO BAD.

*Rude Boy*—"Ah! here's the p'leece a comin'. Won't you catch it for sliding on the pavement!"





PRUDENT RESOLVE.

*Little Party*—"Go and walk in Hyde Park? Oh! ah! I dessay! and get mistaken for a haristocrat! No, thank'e; not if I know it."



# DISGUSTING FOR AUGUSTUS.

*Augustus* (who was rapidly coming to the point)—“Then, Emily!—oh, may I call you Emily?—sweetest! best! say that you will not go without”——

*Fish-Woman* (cuts in)—“Any feesh to-day, marm?—any mackerel, soles, or whiting?”



## SERVANTGALISM.

*Mistress*—"Not going to remain in a situation any longer! Why, you foolish things, what are you going to do, then?"

*Eliza*—"Why, ma'am, you see, our fortune-teller say that two young noblemen is a-going to marry us, so there's no call to remain in no situations no more!"





FLUNKEIANA RUSTICA.

*Mistress*—"Now, I do hope, Samuel, you will make yourself tidy, get your cloth laid in time, and take great pains with your waiting a table."

*Samuel* (who has come recently out of a strawyard)—Yes, m'. But pleaz, m', be oi to wear my breeches?"



A FACT.

*Mistress*—"I think, cook, we must part this day month."

*Cook* (in astonishment)—"Why, ma'am? I am sure I've let you have your own way in most everythink!"



IN HOPE.

Mr B as he appeared from six in the morning till three in the afternoon, when——





## HOPE REWARDED.

Having hooked a "fish," he is landed to play it. The fish runs away with him, and Mr B. is dragged about a mile and a half over what he considers a rather difficult country.



NOT TO BE DAUNTED.

The fish, having refreshed himself and recovered his spirits bolts again with Mr B.



HOPE AND FEAR.

On arriving at "Hell's Hole," he is detained for three-quarters of an hour while the fish sulks at the bottom.





MOST PROVOKING.

After a long and exciting struggle, Mr B. is on the point of landing his prize, when—the line unfortunately breaks!"



### NEVER SAY DIE.

However, in much less time than it has taken to make this imperfect sketch, accoutred as he is, he plunges in, and, after a desperate encounter, secures a magnificent salmon, for which, he declares, he would not take a guinea a pound ; and it is now stuffed in the glass case over the one which contains his late favourite spotted hunter.



MARRY ON £300 A-YEAR!

*Passer-by* (to the crossing-sweeper) — "What's all this about?"

*Sweeper*—"Well, sir, I believe it's a kind of wedding; but it aint likely to be an 'appy union—only two broughams and a hack cab!"





THE HUSBAND AS HE OUGHT NOT TO BE.

[Isn't it so, my dears?]

*Angelina*—"Well, E., you don't say a word about my dress."

*Edwin*—"Eh, what? Oh, ugh! H'm—beautiful, beautiful beautiful!"



# FAIR AND EQUAL.

*Sister*—"Not give a ball, Charles! Fiddle! Why not? I tell you what. If you will find the room, and the music, and the supper, and the champagne, and the ices, I'll find the ladies! Come, now!"



### A VERY PARTICULAR PARTY.

*Mrs* —— "Oh, here you are at last. Now, you must come and dance this waltz with a friend of mine. Charming girl, I assure you!"

*Mr* —— (who prides himself upon his dancing) — "Haw! thank you; you're very good! But I never waltz with strange girls. I don't mind giving her a quadrille first, just to see how she moves!"





### COMPARISONS.

*Party* (who of course, doesn't think himself good-looking) —  
 "Really, Clara, I can't think how you can make a pet of such  
 an ugly brute as an Isle of Skye terrier."



## GOOD LOOKING.

"The traveller, wearied with the noonday heat, need never be at a loss to find rest and refreshment. Stretched upon the softest and cleanest of matting, imbibing the most delicately flavoured tea, inhaling through a short pipe the fragrant tobacco of Japan, he resigns himself to the ministrations of a bevy of fair damsels, who glide rapidly and noiselessly about, the most zealous and skilful of attendants."—*Times*, November 2, 1858.

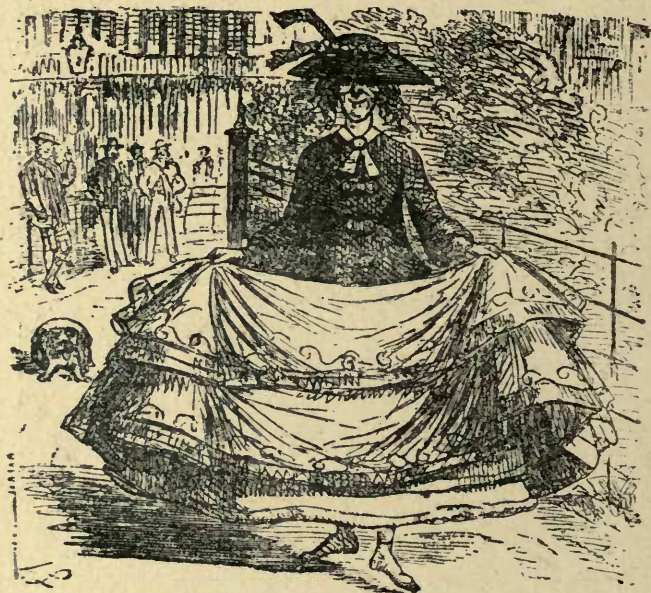
And by all means let us have Japanese manners and customs here.



A CAUTIOUS BIRD.

*Young Lobkins*—"Well, I don't know about marryin', for, yer see, after the knot was tied, some other gal might be fallin' in love with one, and that would be so dooced' awkward!"





PLEASING DELUSION IN RE THE ROUND HATS.

*Female*—"Well, there can be no question about one thing ; they certainly do make you look younger !"



### ROASTED CHESTNUTS.

*Mr Hobble-de-Hoye*—"I'm very fond of 'em. There's no one looking! Don't see why I shouldn't. I will! Yes; I'll have a penn'orth!"



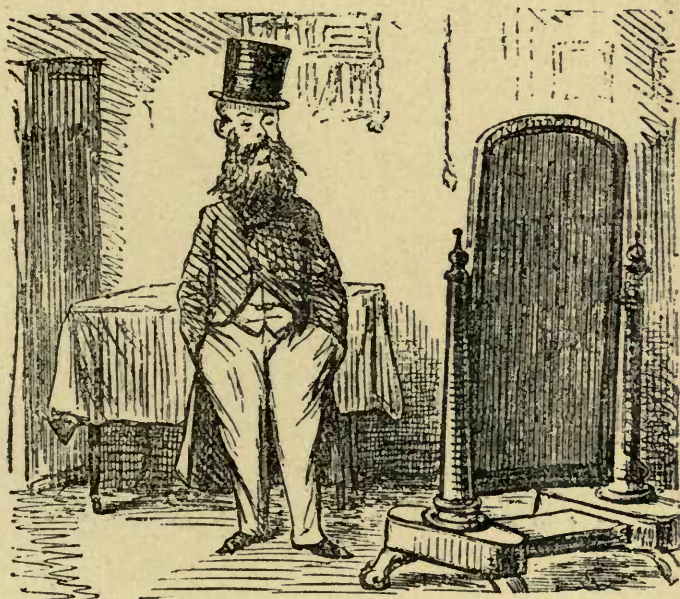
"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS 'TIS FOLLY TO BE  
WISE!"

(NEW VERSION.)

"I say, Jim, vot's a panic?"

"Blow'd if I know; but there's one to be seen in the city."





PRIVATE OPINION.

*Little Shrimpton*—"Hah! they may laugh; but I mean to say that the beard is a great ornament, and gives dignity to the human figure!"



ALWAYS BE POLITE WHEN TRAVELLING.

*Affable Young Gent* (who is never distant to strangers)—  
 “Would you like to see *Bell's Life*, sir? There's an out-and-out stunning mill between Conkey Jim and the porky one!”



TAKEN ABACK.

*Fred* (affectionately taking the arm of his friend *Harry*, as he thinks)—“Oh! Do look at these beautiful diamonds. How well they would become your sweet sister!”

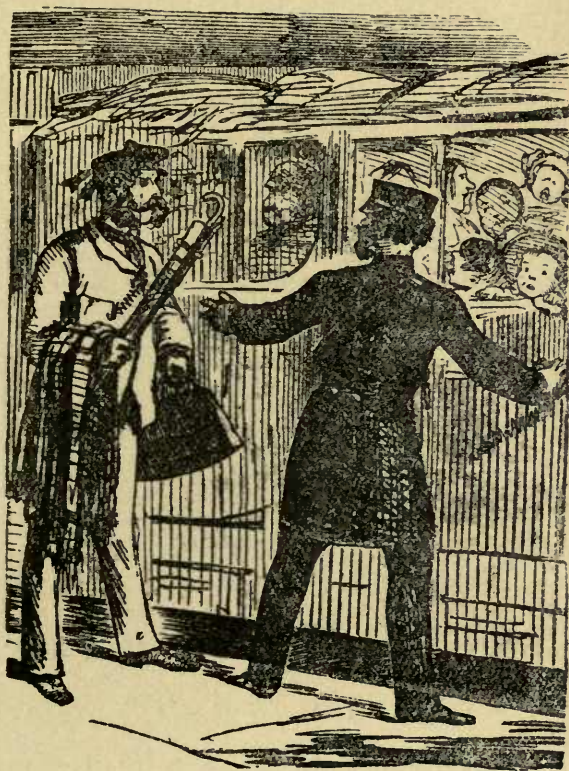
*Coalheaver*—“Come, now! Walker!”





NICELY CAUGHT.

It was in August or September (we forget which) that Amelia's scarf caught Henry's button, and now—they are married. Wasn't it odd?



PERFECTLY DREADFUL.

*Guard*—"Now, sir, if you're going on by the express. Here's just room for one."

*Tourist*—"Wha-t! Get in with hawwid old women and squeeming children! By Jove! you know! I say! it's impawsible, you know!"



### CUPID AT SEA.

*Angelina* (to Edwin, whose only chance is perfect tranquility)  
 —“Edwin, dear! If you love me, go down into the cabin and  
 fetch me my scent bottle, and another shawl to put over my  
 feet!”

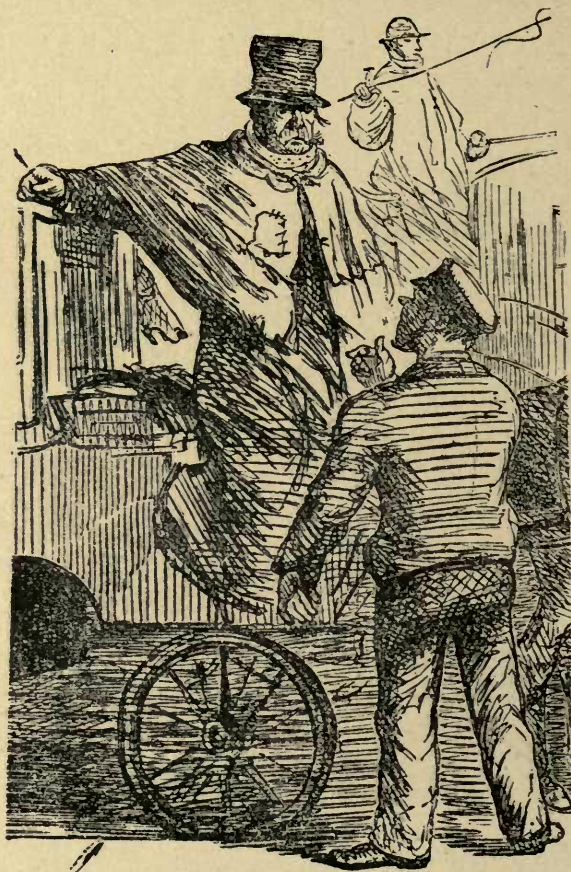
[Edwin's sensations are more easily imagined than described.]





VERY CONSIDERATE.

*Steward*—"Will either of you, gentlemen, dine on board?  
There's a capital hot dinner at three o'clock.



A RAILWAY COLLUSION—A HINT TO STATION MASTERS.

*Porter*—"Now, then, Bill! Are you off?"

*Cab Ruffian*—"No; what sort of fare is it?"

*Porter*—"Single gent with small bag."

*Ruffian*—"Oh, he won't do! Can't yer find us a old lady and two little gals with lots of boxes? I'm good for a pint!"



PATIENCE REWARDED.

*Piscator*—"Ah! Hah! Got you at last, have I? And a fine week's trouble I've had to catch you!"





A SKETCH FROM THE STAND AT SCARBORO'.

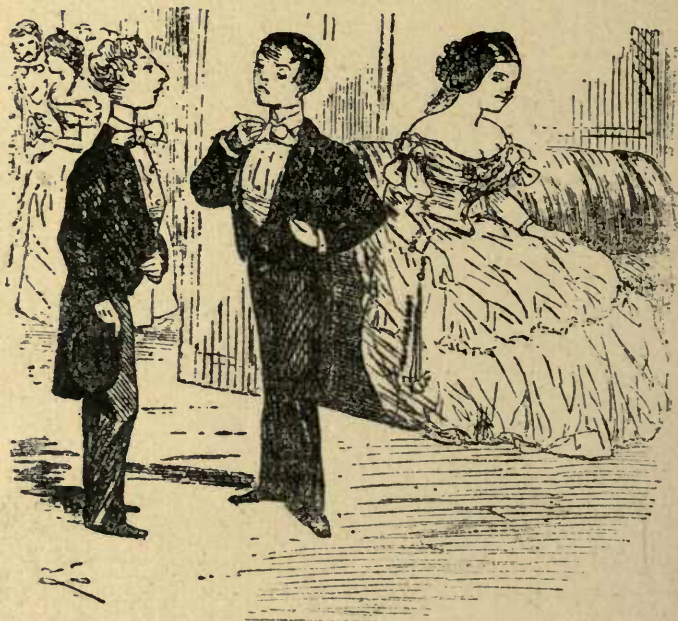
*Fair Equestrian*—"Oh, I want to ride on the sands with this little boy. Have you a horse disengaged for him? Any bit of a pony thing, you know, will do for me!"



ASTOUNDING ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE SMALL  
COUNTRY BUTCHER.

(Who does not often kill his own meat).

*Maid*—"Please, ma'am, Mr Skewer says he's a-going to  
kill hisself this week, and will you have a joint?"



## OFFENDED DIGNITY.

*Small Swell* (who has just finished a quadrille)—“H’m! Thank goodness, that’s over! Don’t give me your bread-and-butter misses to dance with. I like your grown women of the world!”

[*N.B.*—The bread-and-butter miss has asked him how old he was, and when he went back to school.]





AMATEUR PANTOMIME.

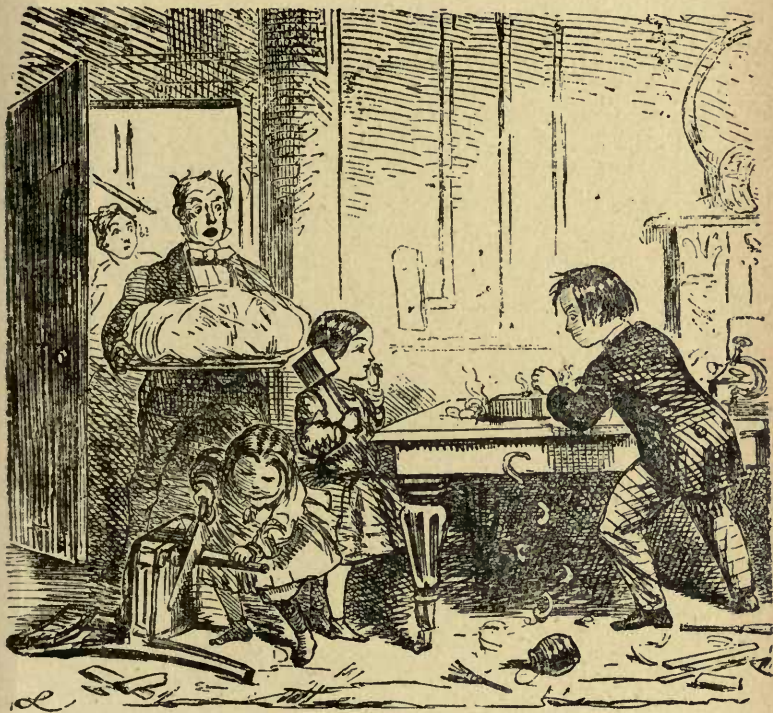
How does the butler like theatricals ?



## REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.

On the morning after the dispensary ball, as Emily Deuxtamps and Clara Polkington were sitting in the plantation, who should come to the very spot but Captain Fastman and young Reginald Fipps!





### YOUNG UPHOLSTERERS.

A discreet friend having presented Master Tom with a tool-box as a New Year's gift, the furniture is put into thorough repair.





### THE VALENTINE.

*Little Foot Page*—"I say, Maria, what's a rhyme to Cupid?"

*Maria*—"Why, stupid rhymes to Cupid; don't it, stupid?"



TRUE GALLANTRY.

"If you want a thing done, do it yourself." Never disturb the maids in the morning, but jump out of bed the moment you hear the sweep, and let him in; it isn't much trouble, and saves a world of grumbling.



### SELF-HELP.

"If you want a thing done, do it yourself." Having thoroughly dressed and fed the horses, you had better set to work upon the boots of the establishment. The knives, as you have a machine, you may as well do. And, while your hands are soiled, you had better help Alphonso to carry up some coals.



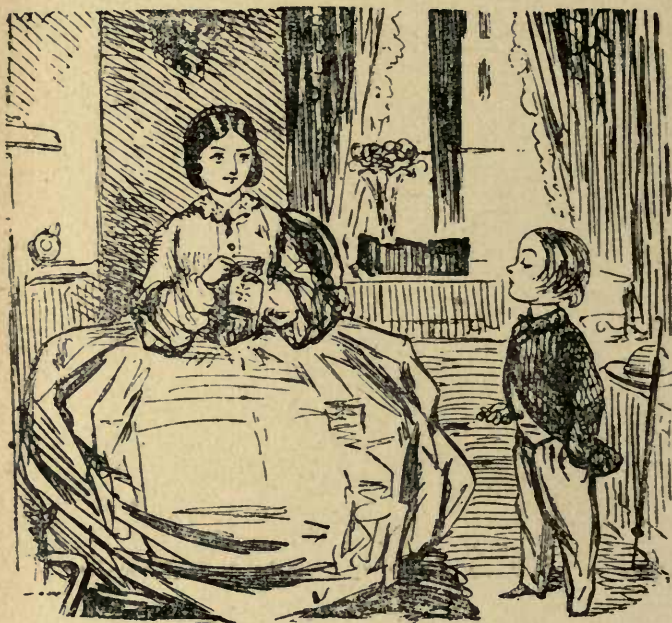


STARTLING ADVICE.

*Stuàious Boy*—"Johnny, I advise you not to be a good boy!"

*Johnny*—"Why!"

*Studious Boy*—"Because in books all good boys die, you know!"



### EARLY RESPONSIBILITY.

*Cousin Harriet* "Well, Alfred, will you stop and have some tea with us?"

*Alfred*—"Haw! you're very good, I'm sure; but I've got to take the children to see the pantomime!"



A MORAL LESSON FROM THE NURSERY.

*Arthur*—"Do you know, Freddy, that we are only made of dust!"

*Freddy*—"Are we? Then, I'm sure, we ought to be very careful how we pitch into each other so, for fear we might crumble each other all to pieces!"





THE BLOATED ARISTOCRAT.

*Boy*—"Oh! look 'ere, Bill! 'Ere's a bloated haristocrat  
There's no one looking. Let's punch his 'ed!"



### MARRIED FOR MONEY.—THE HONEYMOON.

"Now, then, darling, put away your paper, and we'll have a nice long walk, and then come back to tea in our own little cottage, and be as happy as two little birds!" said the fair bride.

"Oh! hang it!" mentally ejaculated the captain.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

*Miss Gushington*—"Oh, don't you like Christmas time, Mr Brown, and all its dear old customs?"

[Brown don't seem to see it.]





### ALARMING PROPOSITION.

*Oyster Man* (to hairy gents.)—"Oysters, sir! Yes, sir! Shall I take yer beards off?"

[Gents. have an uncomfortable idea that they are being chaffed.]



YOUNG LADY OF THE PERIOD.

*Fast Young Lady* (to old gent.)—"Have you such a thing as a lucifer about you, for I've left my cigar lights at home?"



## SERVE HIM RIGHT.

*Swell* (who, when he is asked to dine at half-past six, thinks it fine to come at half-past eight)—“Haw! I’m afraid you’ve been waiting dinner for me!”

*Lady of the House*—“Oh, dear, no! we have dined some time! Will you take some tea?”





### EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.

It is quite possible to have too much of a good thing—as, for example, when you get the asparagus shot over your favourite dress coat with the silk facings.



A HINT TO GENTLEMEN.

CAUTION TO GENTLEMEN WALKING TO EVENING  
PARTIES.

Don't forget to take off your goloshes and turn down your  
trousers before entering the room.



### A HINT TO RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

By breathing on the glass, and holding a speaking doll by way of baby to the window, you may generally keep your compartment select.





OH, YES; OF COURSE.

*Lizzie*—"Oh, Mr Poffles, I find I have made a mistake; I see I was engaged for this dance."



### THE QUADRILLE IN HOT WEATHER.

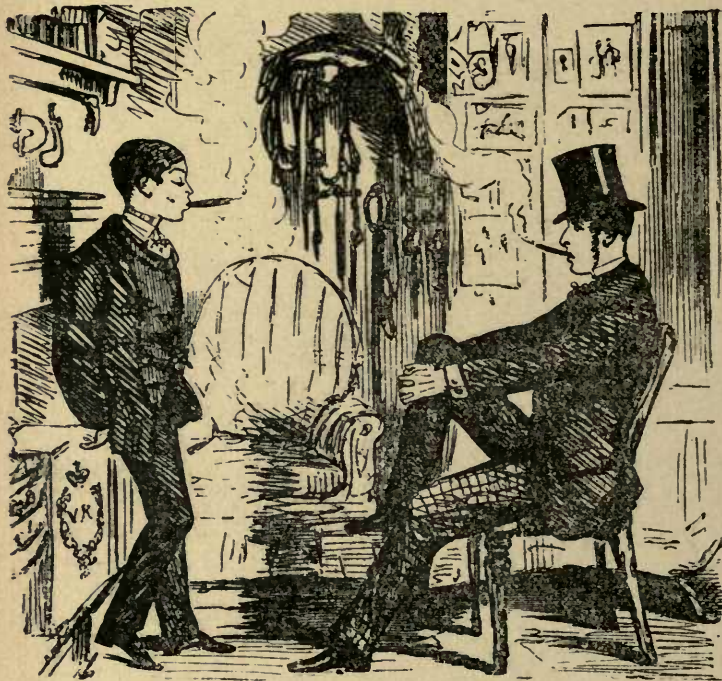
*Stout Party* (who suffers much from heat, and has in vain attempted to conceal himself)—“Oh, I believe we are engaged for this dance. I’ve been—that is—I’ve—eh—I’ve been looking for you—a—a—everywhere—phew!”



THE NEW REGULATION MESS.

*Swell Soldier*—"What! dine off woast and boiled, just like snobs! No, by Jove; I shall cut the army and go into the church!"





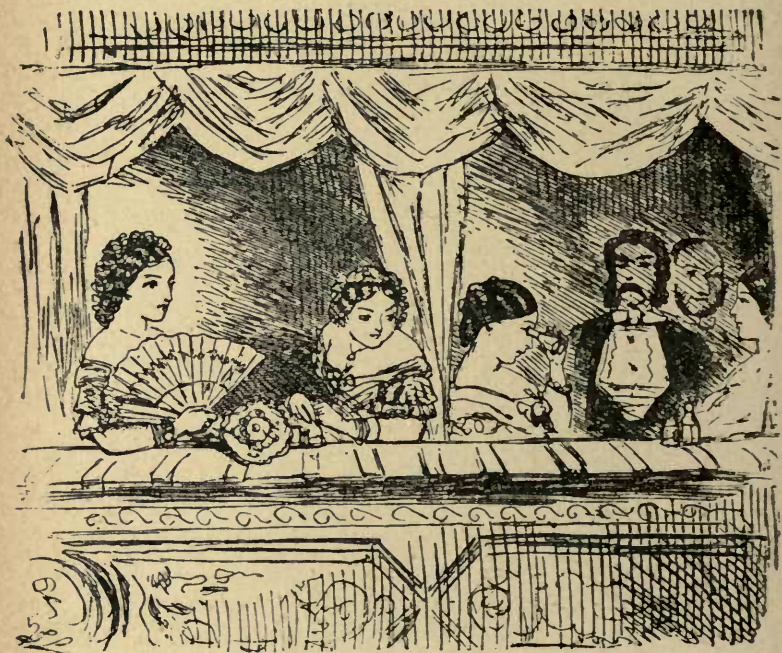
## A PAINFUL SUBJECT.

*Lieutenant Fopsom* (of the 121st to his elder brother, who is home for the holidays)—“A-say, old fellah! don’t you wish you had left school? It must be such a horrid baw to be flogged for smoking!”



### PHOTOGRAPH BEAUTIES.

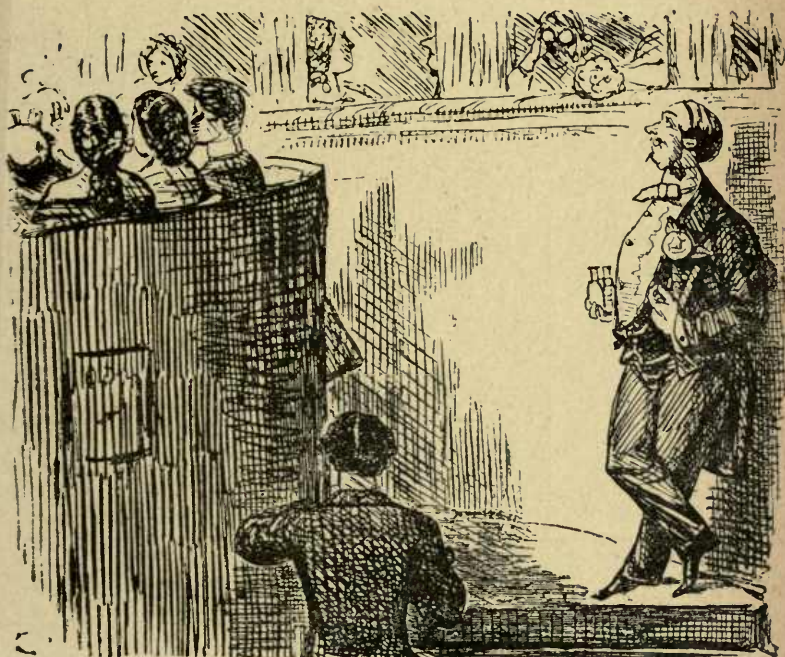
"I say, mister, here's me and my mate wants our fotergruffs took ; and, mind, we wants 'em 'ansom' cos they're to give to two ladies."



THE OPERA.—No. 1.

*Lizzie*—"Good gracious, Selina! look there! There's that ridiculous little man again. Did you ever see anything so absurd?"





THE OPERA.—No. 2.

*Busby*—"Ah, there she is, bless her! And looking this way, too. Oh, it's as clear as possible she has taken a fancy to me!"



A SKETCH AT A RAILWAY STATION.

*Respectable Citizen* (reads placard)—“The public are cautioned against card-sharpers, gamblers, and pickpockets! . . . Why, I thought such people was all done away with. Didn't you, Mo?”



# HI' ART.

*Parent*—"I should like you to be very particular about the hair."

*Photographic Artist (!)*—"Oh, mum, the 'air is heasy enough ; it's the hi's where we find the difficulty."





· FLUNKIEANA.

*Lady of the House*—"Oh, Thomas, have the goodness to take up some coals into the nursery."

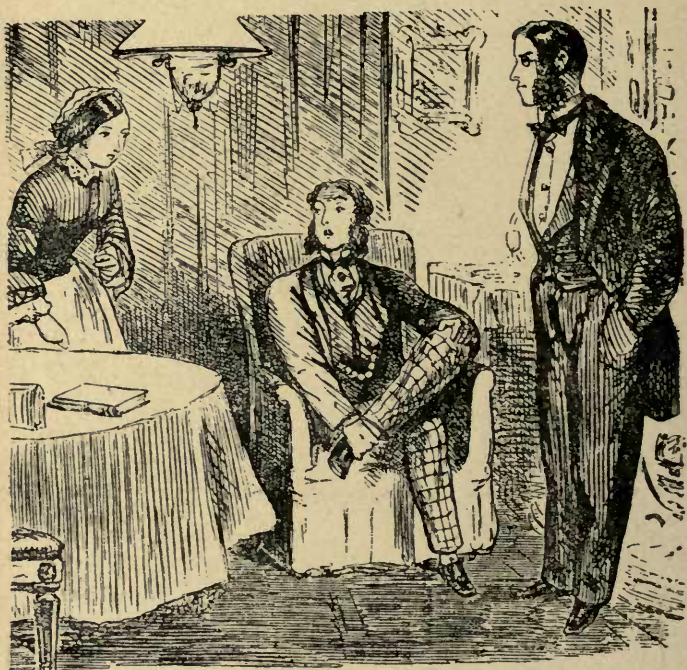
*Thomas*—"H'm, Ma'am! If you ask it as a favour, ma'am, I don't so much object; but I 'ope you don't take me for an 'ousemaid, ma'am!"



### SERVANTGALISM.

*Mistress*—"Why, nurse, what a terrible disturbance! Pray, what is the matter?"

*Nurse* (addicted to pen and ink)—"Oh, mum, it's dreadful! Here's neether me nor Mary can't answer none of our letters for the racket!"



SYMPTOMS OF HARD READING.

*Student*—"Oh, Mary, have you taken up the lamp and the cigars?"

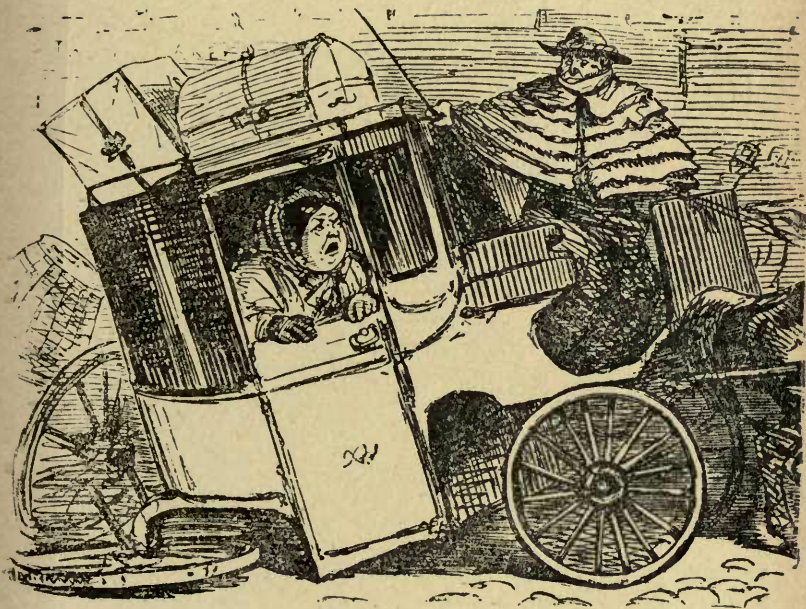
*Mary*—"Yes, sir."

*Student*—"And the whiskey, and the sugar, and the lemon, and boiling water?"

*Mary*—"Yes, sir."

*Student*—"Then, come, Jack; suppose we go into the study!"





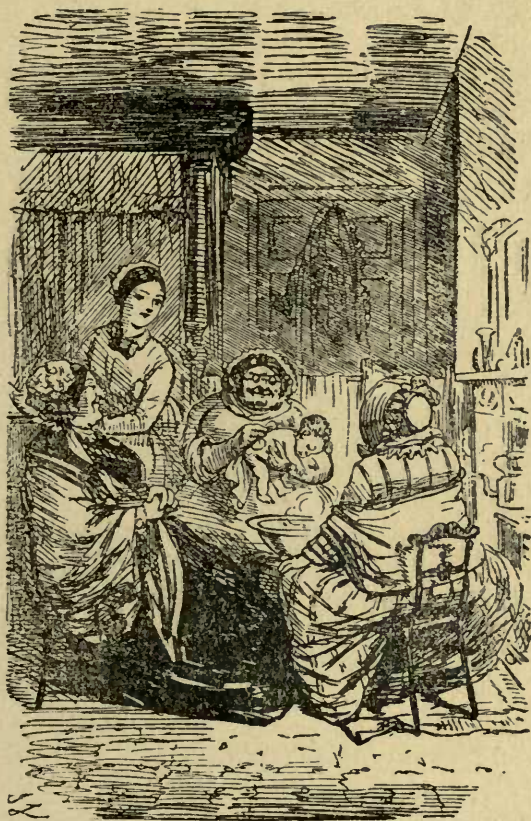
THE STOUT LADY.

*Cabby*—"Let yer out? That's a good un! Not afore you pays for breaking my springs."



HEAD OF THE HOUSE No. 1.

Mr Peewit has a little addition to his family. He is obliged to get his meals anyhow—and—



HEAD OF THE HOUSE No. 2.

Abdicates in favour of the real master of the house.

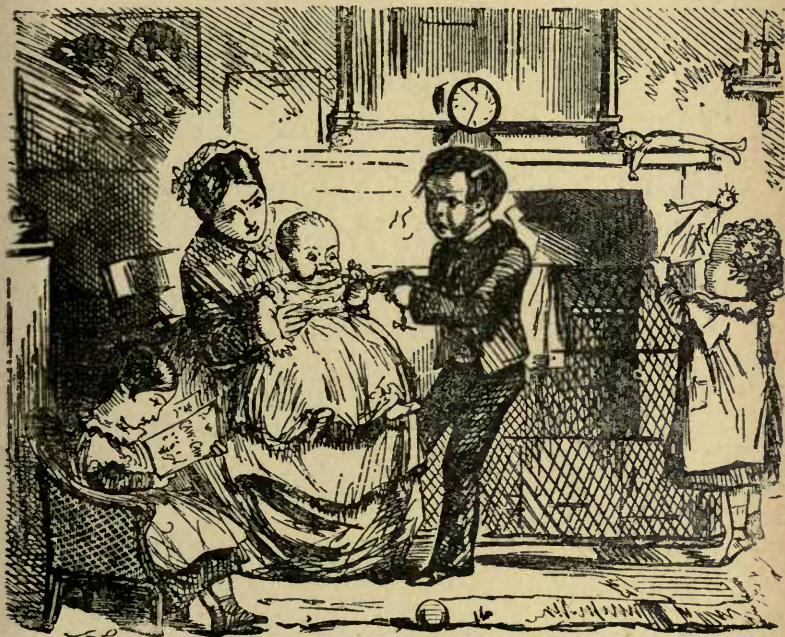




# MILK VERSUS WATER.

*Cook*—"Fine day, Mr Chalks."

*Mr Chalks*—"Yes, Cookey, it's a very fine day ; but if we haven't some rain soon, I don't know what we shall do for milk !"



THRILLING DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

*Master Alfred*—"Don't, baby! You'll spoil it! Leave go, sir! Here, nurse, he's swallowing my new watch!"



VERY ARTFUL CONTRIVANCE.

*Clara*—"Why, dear me! what do you wear your hat in the water for?"

*Mrs Walrus*—"Oh, I always wear it when I bathe; for then, you see, dear, no one can recognise me from the beach!"





A WINDY DAY.

Some like one thing, and some another. For example, Jack likes a blow on the north cliff.



COMMON OBJECTS AT THE SEASIDE.

*Boy*—"Oh, look here, ma! I've caught a fish just like those thingamies in my bed at our lodgings!"



## ASTONISHING A YOUNG ONE.

*Dick* (to his little brother)—“Hah! This is one of the disagreeables in being grown up. Why, bless you, if I didn't shave twice a day this warm weather, I should not be fit to be seen!”





### AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.

*Young Sparrow*—"Oh, I'm sorry to trouble you, uncle; but could you lend me a razor? My confounded fellow hasn't packed up my dressing-case!"



A NOTION OF PLEASURE.

*Boy* - "Oh, come here, Tommy! Here's such a lot o' grains. bin shot down here! Let's turn 'ead over 'eels in 'em!"



A BAD TIME FOR JOHN THOMAS.

*Rude Boy*—"I say, Jack, ain't he a fine un? D'ye think he's real, or only stuffed?"





LEARNING TO SWIM.

*Bathing Woman*—"Teach yer to swim? Lor' bless ye, my love, why, of course, I can!"



ON THE ROOF.

Mrs Pottles sees no reason why she shouldn't go out on the roof of her house to see the fireworks.



NOTHING BUT EATING.

*Sensitive Young Lady*—"Poor creatures! Nothing but eating and sleeping! What a dreadful existence!"

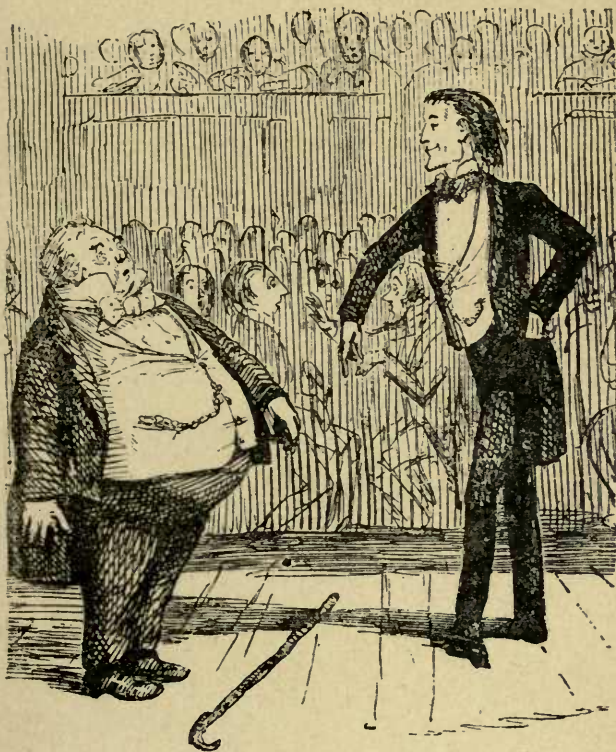
*Stout Youth*—"Dreadful existence! Oh, ah! I daresay. Why, that's just the very thing of all others I should like the best!"





LIVELY FOR JONES.

Pheasant shooting. A Warm Corner.



VERY ODD.

*Lecturer on Electro-Biology*—"Now, sir, you can't jump over that stick! Ahem!

*Subject*—"Jump! Eh! Ugh! Lor' bless me, jump? No, I know I can't. Never could jump. Ugh!"

[Thunders of applause from the Gentlemen in the cane-bottom chairs—i.e., believers.]



### WHOLESOME FEAST.

*Jessie*—"And so, Walter, you have little parties at your school, eh?"

*Walter*—"Ah! don't we, just! Last half there was Charley Bogle, and George Twister, and me. We joined, you know, and had two pounds of sausages, cold, and a plum-cake, and a barrel of oysters, and two bottles of currant wine! Oh, my eye! wasn't it jolly, neither."





OF A VERY STUDIOUS TURN.

*Mamma* — “Who is this hamper for? Why, for poor Jerry, who is at school, you know.”

*Darling* (reflectively) — “Oh, don’t you think, ma, I had better go to school?”



A VERY GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

*First Juvenile*—"I wonder what can make Helen Holdfast polk with yon Albert Grig?"

*Second ditto*—"Don't you know? Why, to make me jealous. But she had better not go too far!"



### JUVENILE DISSIPATION.

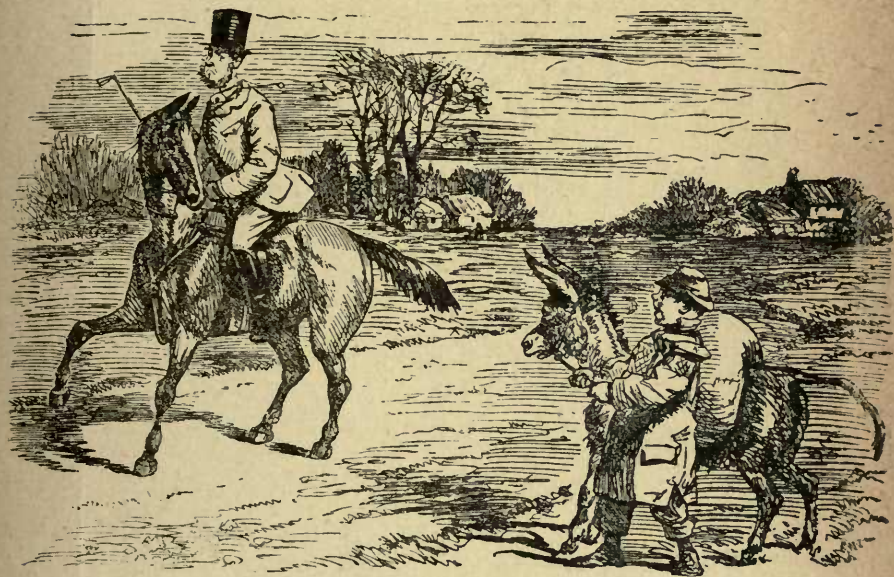
The day after the juvenile party. Awful appearance of the doctor.





NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR.

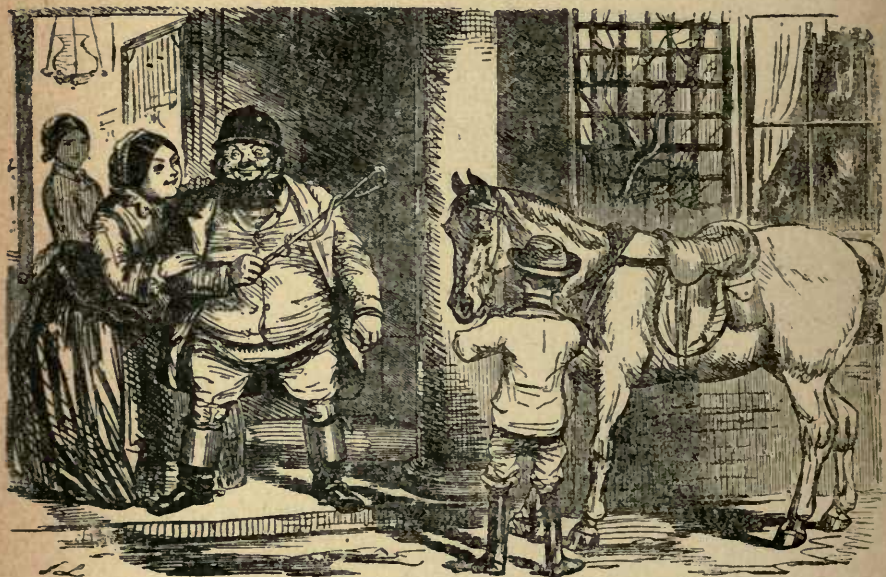
*Augustus*—"Now I've got you!"



TIT FOR TAT.

*Gent. on horseback*—"Get out of the way, boy! Get out of the way! My horse don't like donkeys!"

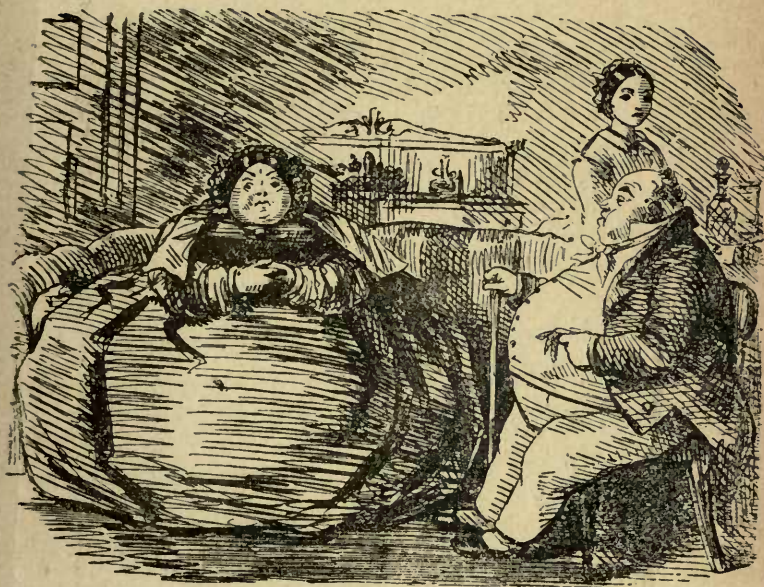
*Boy*—"Doan't he? Then, why doan't he kick thee off?"



SOLICITUDE.

*Wife*—"Now, promise me one thing, Adolphus. You won't go flying over any hedges or five-barred gates?"





### SKELETONS.

*Stout Gent.*—"Dear! dear! So he has formed an attachment that you don't approve of! Ah, well! there's always something. Depend upon it, ma'am, there's a skeleton somewhere in every house!"



GREAT MINDS THINK ALIKE.

Tomkins retires to a secluded village that he may grow his moustaches, and so cut out his odious rival, Jones. Jones, it so happens, has come to the same place with the same object.

[Frightful meeting.]



AN ELEGANT ROW ABOUT A MACHINE.





WHAT A TERRIBLE TURK!

"Oh, here's a jolly snowball! Let's take and put it agin somebody's door!"



A SAFE CONVOY.

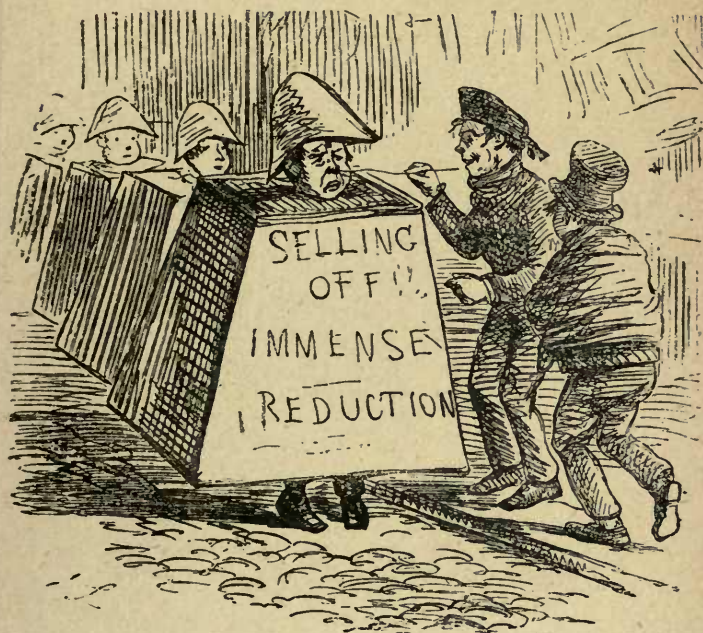
*Small Sweeper* (to Crimean hero)—“ Now, captain, give us a copper, and I’ll see yer safe over the crossing ! ”



IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

*Military Man*—"Well, what are yer a-starin' at? Ain't yer never seed a sodger before?"





TICKLED WITH A STRAW.

*Advertising Medium*—"Come, now, you leave orf, or I'll call the perlice!"



HORRIBLE QUESTION AFTER A GREENWICH  
DINNER.

*Foot-Boy*—"If you please, sir, cook told me to ask you what fish you'd like to-day."



TOUCHING APPEAL.

*Testy Old Gent.* (wearied by the importunities of the Brighton boatmen)—“Confound it, man! Do I look as if I wanted a boat?”





### A GREAT MISTAKE.

*Youth*—"Here's a nuisance, now! Blowed if I ain't left my cigar-case on my dressing-room table, and that young brother of mine will have all my best regalias!"



IT'S THE EARLY BIRD THAT PICKS UP THE  
WORM.

*Piscator*—"There, Thomas, you now see the advantage of early rising. I have got the very best place on the water, and I'll be bound to say the other subscribers are not out of bed yet!"

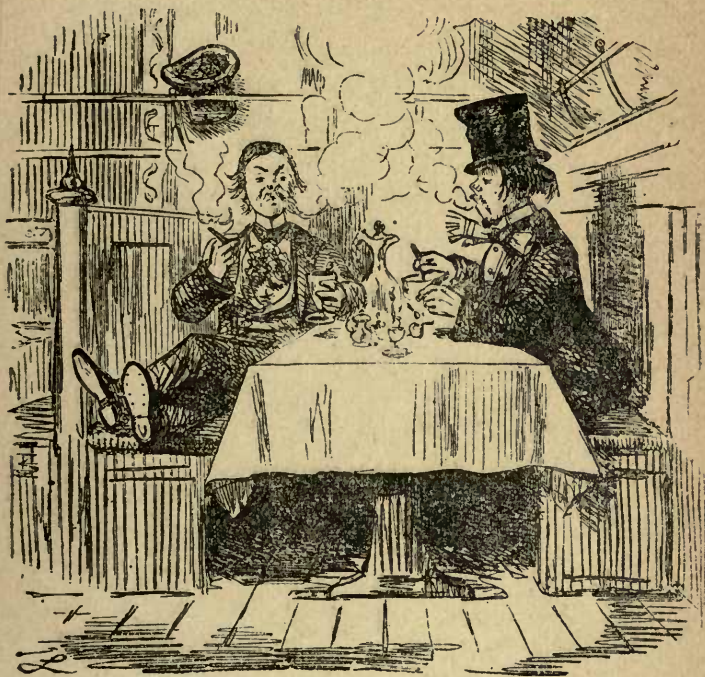




SERIOUS THING FOR BROWN,

Who rather prides himself upon the elegant manner in which he takes off his hat. This time, however, although the hat is removed, the lining sticks.





### THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

*Alfonso*—"You find your moustachers a great comfort, don't you, Tom?"

*Tom*—"Well—yes. But I'm afraid I must cut 'em, for one's obliged to dress so dooced expensive to make everything accord!"



### THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

*Young Snobley* (a regular lady-killer)—“How the gals do stare at one's beard! I suppose they think I'm a horficer just come from the Crimear!”



## CONSOLATION.

*Young Snobley*—"Ah, Jim! noble birth must be a great advantage to a cove!"

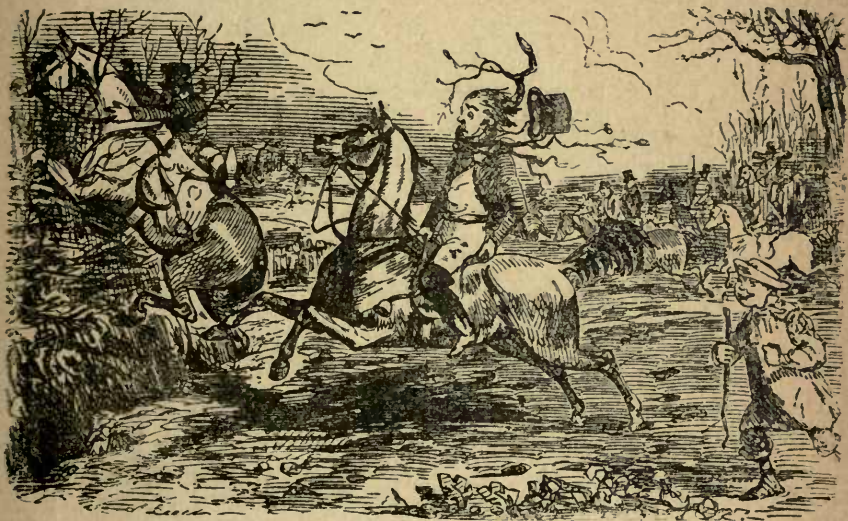
*Jim* (one of Nature's nobility)—"H'm! P'raps! But, egad! personal beauty aint a bad substitute!"





## FORTUNATE FELLOWS.

*Stakwart Briton*—"I tell yer what, Bill. We ought to be very thankful we're Englishmen, for, whether it's the climate or whether it's their habits, just see how those Americans are degenerating!"



PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.

The next best thing to keeping your own hunters is to hire  
“made horses” that thoroughly know their business.



### A DOMESTIC EXTRAVAGANZA.

*Mamma*—"Why, good gracious, nurse! what's the matter with Adolphus? He looks very odd!"

*Nurse*—"And well he may, mum! For he thought the coloured balls in Miss Charlotte's new game of solitaire was bull's eyes, and he's swallowed ever so many of 'em!"





## SISTERLY LOVE.

*Papa*—"There, there! my little poppet. Don't cry! Don't cry! If you are going to have the measles, you will soon be well again, I hope. There, there!"

*Blanche* (sobbing violently)—"I—I—I—I'm not crying, papa, because I'm going to have the measles, but because I—I—I thought I was going to ride Mary's pony all the time she was ill, and now I shan't!"



## FREEZING.

*Disgusting Boy*—"I say, Clara! I'm so jolly glad, I am. Do you know, all the pipes are froze, and we shan't be able to have any of that horrid washing these cold mornings! Ain't it prime!"

[Sensation.]





### A PEACE CONFERENCE.

*Flora*—"Oh, I am so glad, dear Harriet, there is a chance of peace. I am making these slippers against dear Alfred's comes back!"

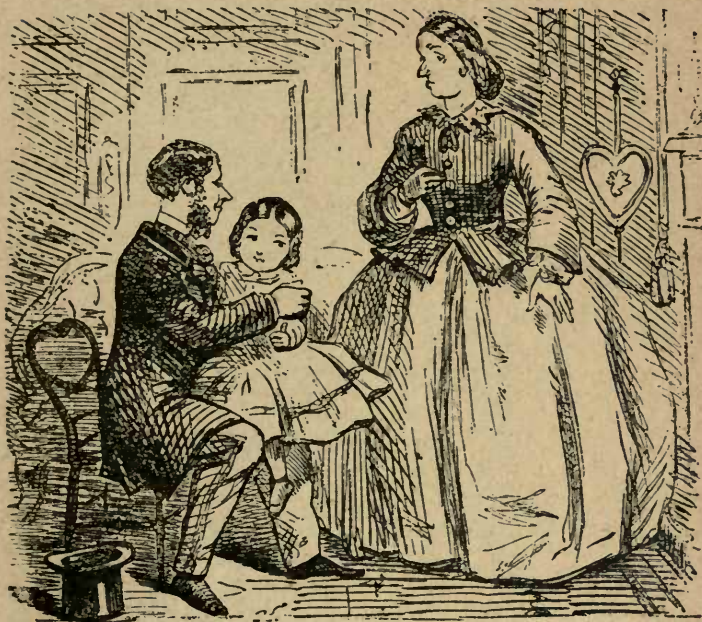
*Cousin Tom*—"Hah, well, I aint quite anxious about peace, for, you see, since these soldier chaps have been abroad, we civilians have had it pretty much our own way with the gurls!"





WHEN RAILWAY COMPANIES FALL OUT THE  
PUBLIC DERIVE THE BENEFIT.

For example, during some of the winter months, with a nice bracing north-east wind blowing, you may go to Manchester and back for 5s—an opportunity not to be lost. Oh, dear, no!



### QUITE TRUE.

*Fascinating Gent.* (to precocious little girl)—“You are a very nice little girl ; you shall be my wifey when you grow up.”

*Little Girl*—“No thank you ; I don’t want to have a husband. But Aunt Bessy does. I heard her say so !”

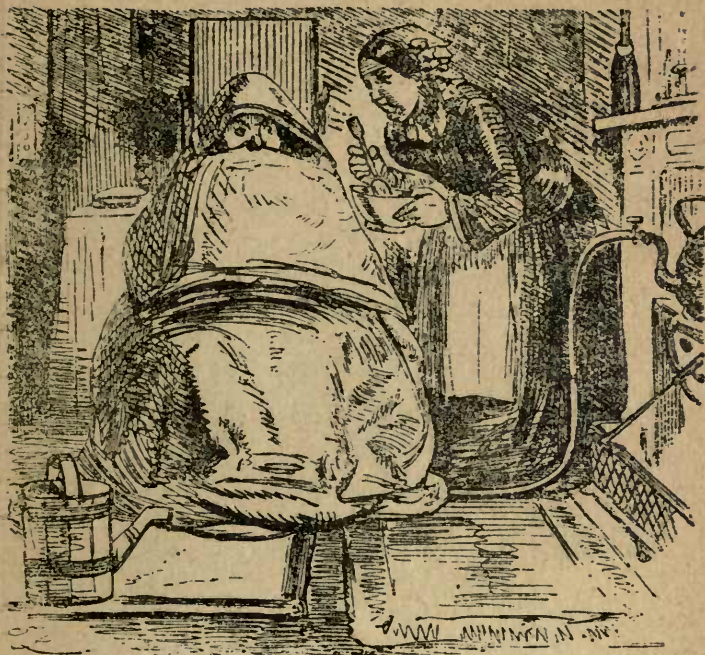
[Sensation on the part of Aunt Bessy.]



## A HOLIDAY.

Of all the foolish things, the mere pun is perhaps the most foolish. Now, here's a fellow (probably a member of the St—ck Exch—ge) who, in spite of his really perilous condition, says that he “came out for a (w)hole holiday—and has got it!”





### COLD IN THE HEAD.

For a cold in the head, there is nothing like a steam bath, and this can be had in your own bedroom with the greatest ease.

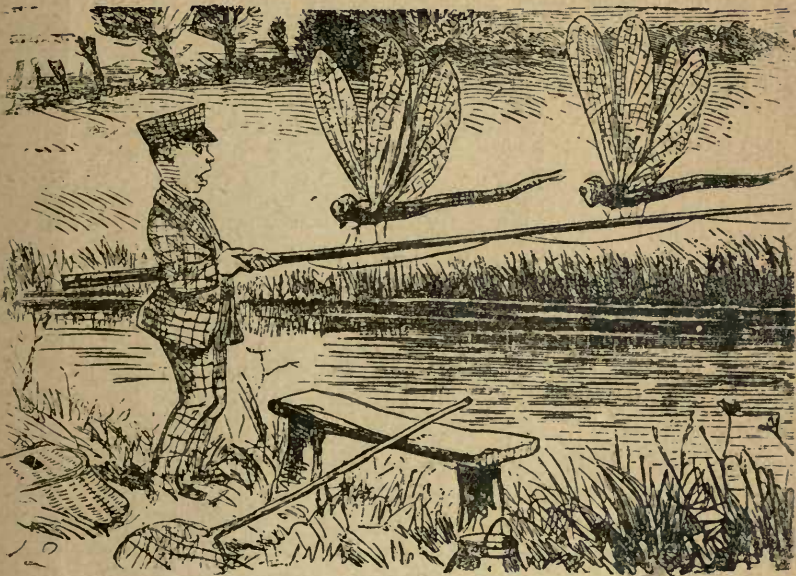


## TOUCHING.

*Groom* (to old coachman)—“Why, Edw’rd, what hever’s the matter?”

*Old Coachman* (sobbing)—“Ah, William! Most affectin’ sight! I’ve just seen the four-in-hand club going down to Greenwich! Ten on ’em! Beautiful teams! And driven by reg’lar tip-top swells! It’s bin a’most too much for me!”

[Is relieved by tears.]



A FISHING ADVENTURE.

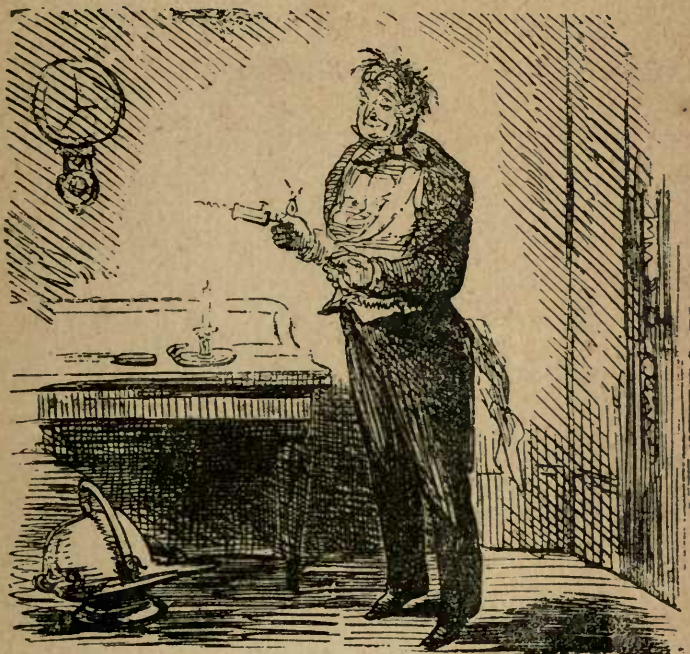
Master George and the dragon-flies, as they appeared to his excited imagination when he was out fishing the other day.





## SELF-EXAMINATION.

*Party* (slightly influenced)—“Question ish, am I fit to go into drawingroom? Letsh shee! I can say gloriush con shyshushn! Have seen Brish in shy chusion—all that sort o’ thing. That led o. Here gosh!”



DELICATE TEST.

*Elevated Party*—"A never think a fl'ear'shad t'much wine s'long as a windsup-ish wash!"

[Proceeds to perform that operation with a corkscrew.]



### THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

*Old Mr What's-his name*—"Egad! I don't wonder at moustaches coming into fashion, for—eh! what! by Jove, it does improve one's appearance!"





CONCLUSIVE TABLE-TURNING EXPERIMENT MADE  
AT GREENWICH.

"There, old fella! Hope you're satisfied it goes round now!"

"Oh, yesh! There's no mistake!"

[These subjects are submitted, very respectfully, to the reverend (!) gentlemen who hold so much conversation with furniture.]



## THE FARMYARD.

*Country Friend* (to London friend, who is dressed within an inch of his life)—“There, my boy, come and see this lovely pig, and then we'll go and look at the rest of the stock.”





## A SUBURBAN DELIGHT.

*Dark Party* (with a ticket-of-leave, of course)—“Ax yer pardon, sir! But if you was agoing down this dark lane, p'raps you'd allow me and this here young man to go along with yer, 'cos, yer see, there aint no perlice about, and we're so precious feared o' being garrotted!”





## JUVENILE ETYMOLOGY.

*Master Jack*—"Mamma, dear! Now, isn't this called kiss-mas time because everybody kisses everybody under the mistletoe? Ada says it isn't."



PORTRAIT OF THE OLD PARTY WHO RATHER  
LIKES ORGAN-GRINDING.



AN INJURED INDIVIDUAL.

*Simkins* (who has missed his bird, but peppered *Wilkins*)—  
 “There, now, I’ve a dooced good mind to say that I’ll never  
 come out shooting with you again ; you’re always getting in  
 the way !”





PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

*Grandmamma*—"Well, Charley, and what have you been learning to-day?"

*Charley*—"Pneumatics, gran'ma! And I can tell you such a dodge! If I was to put you under a glass receiver, and exhaust the air, all your wrinkles would come out as smooth as gran'papa's head!"



### A SHOCK.

*Mamma*—"Why, Tom, what are you doing with that nasty dust-pan and broom?"

*Tom*—"Brother Fred told me to bring it in and sweep up all the h's Mrs Mopus had dropped about!"

(*N.B.*—Great expectations from Mrs M).

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THE END.







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